

MARVEL

APRIL

No. 6

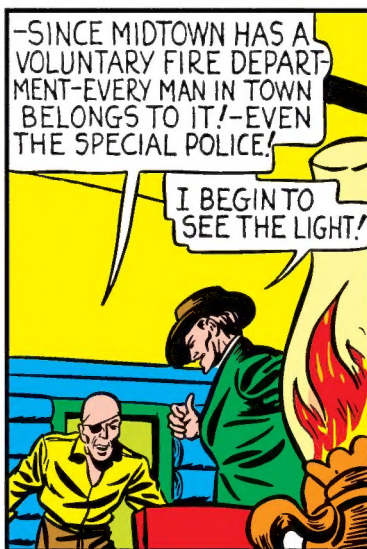
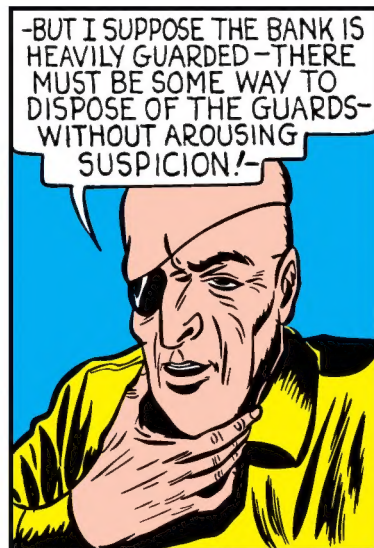
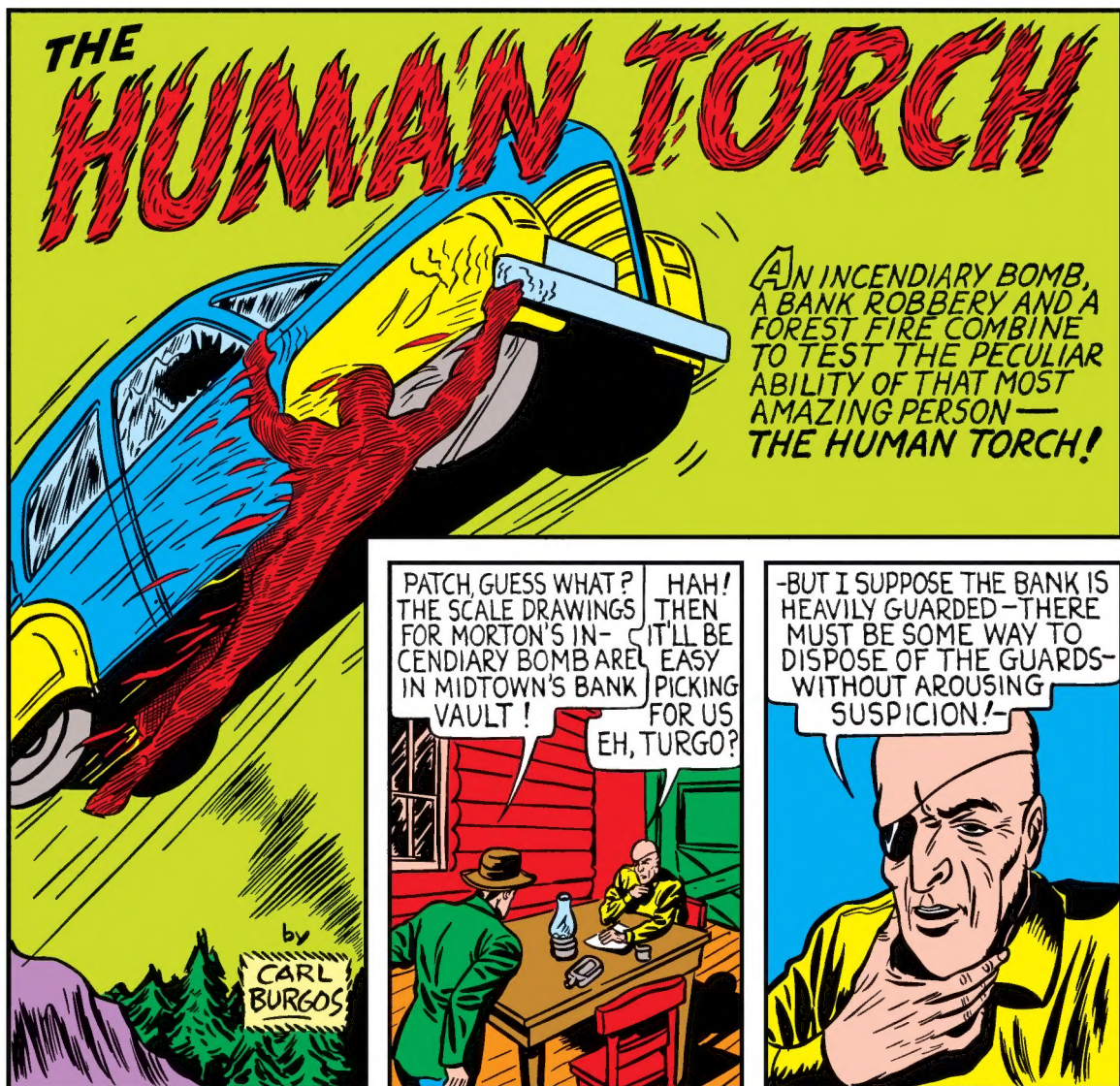
COMICS

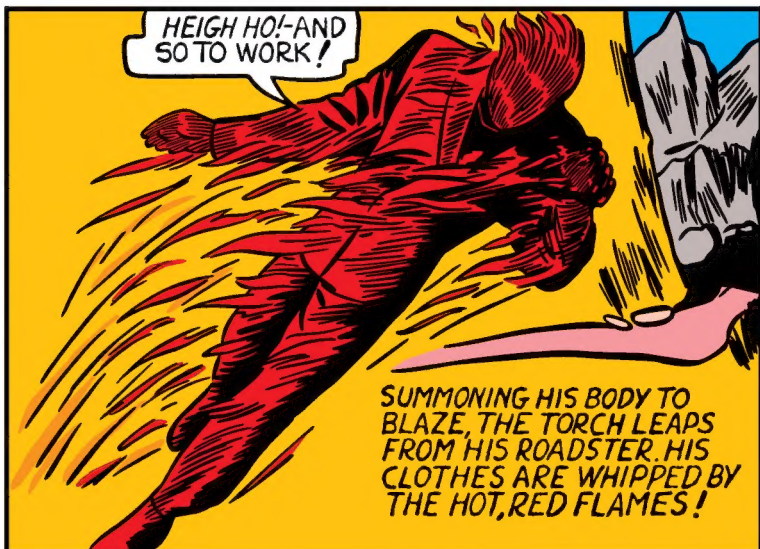
MYSTERY

HUMAN TORCH
THE ANGEL
SUB-MARINER
KA-ZAR THE GREAT
Plus other fine comics

swinging across the
Shark Pool THE ANGEL
grasped the girl!









IT'S THE
HUMAN
TORCH!

AS HE LANDS IN
THE CENTER OF
THE FIRE
FIGHTERS—



-RIGHT!-AND, IT LOOKS LIKE
YOU FELLOWS NEED SOME
HELP!



JEEPERS!-THAT
WAS TOMSON'S
VOICE!-HE'S
TRAPPED!

-SUDDENLY A VOICE BOOMS
THROUGH THE CRACKLING
FLAMES!



I'LL SAVE HIM!
-HERE, GIVE ME
THAT WET BLANKET!

HUH?

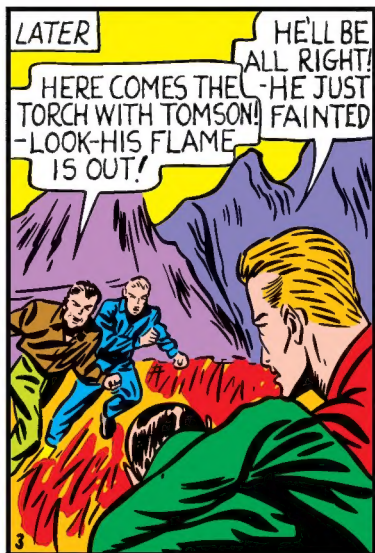


IT CAN'T BE!-
THE FLAMES--
THEY PART
WHEN HE NEARS
THEM!

DON'T
FORGET,
-THE TORCH
IS MASTER
OF ALL
FLAME!



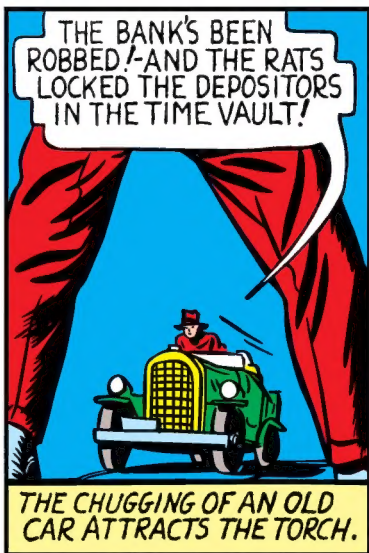
HELP! -HM-M-PASSED OUT!
OH-H-H-H! -BUT, WHAT'S THAT
NEAR HIM?-TWO
MAN-MADE TORCHES!
-SO, THIS FIRE WAS
STARTED ON PURPOSE!
I'LL GET THE RATS!



LATER

HERE COMES THE
TORCH WITH TOMSON!
-LOOK-HIS FLAME
IS OUT!

HE'LL BE
ALL RIGHT!
-HE JUST
FAINTED



THE BANK'S BEEN
ROBBED!-AND THE RATS
LOCKED THE DEPOSITORS
IN THE TIME VAULT!

THE CHUGGING OF AN OLD
CAR ATTRACTS THE TORCH.

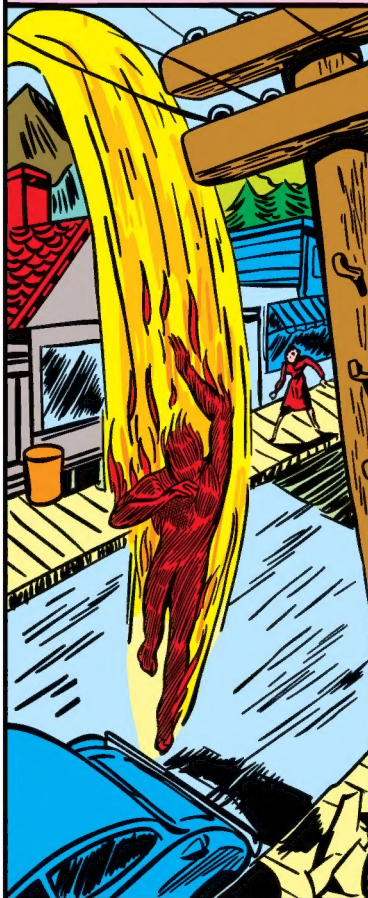


THEY WOULD HAVE
BURNED TO DEATH
IF IT HADN'T BEEN
FOR YOU.

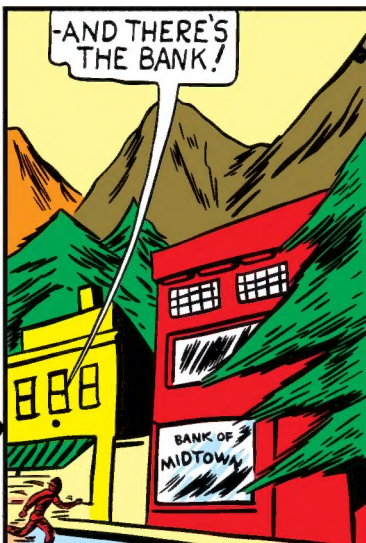
SORRY-
I CAN'T WAIT
TO HELP ANY FURTHER.
I'VE GOT WORK
TO DO.

THE HUMAN TORCH QUICKLY
PUTS OUT THE FIRE.

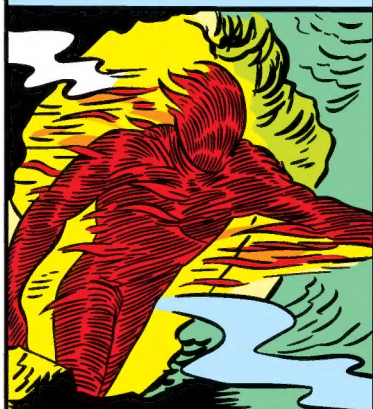
-AS A HUGE MOUNTAIN LOOMS IN FRONT OF THE TORCH, HE LEAPS! HIS LIGHTER-THAN-AIR BODY SOARS HIGH OVER THE HILL AND, LIKE A COMET, DROPS IN THE CENTER OF MIDTOWN!



-AND THERE'S THE BANK!



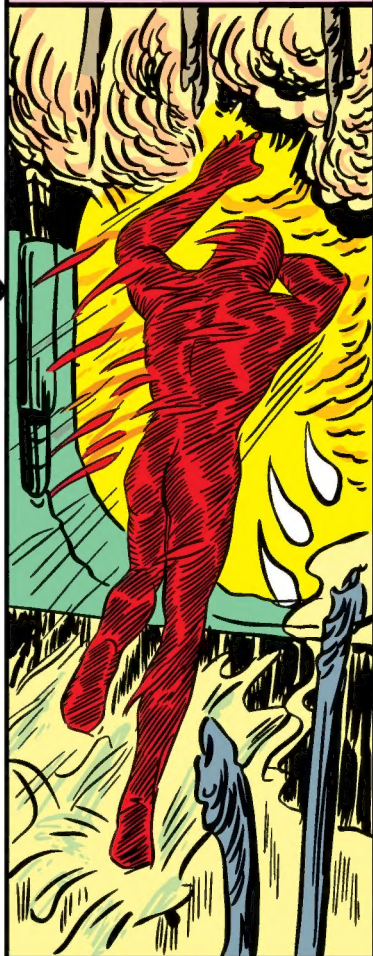
WITHOUT WASTING TIME, THE TORCH MELTS HIS WAY THRU THE WALL AND INTO THE BANK PROPER!



-SPOTTING A STEEL GATE BEFORE THE VAULT, HE HURLS A SERPENTINE STRING OF FLAME THAT REDUCES THE GATE TO A MOLTEN PUDDLE!

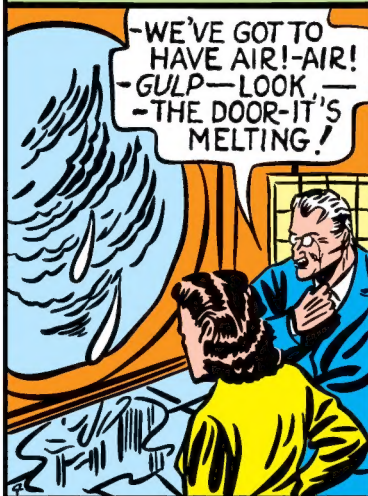


-SWISHING THRU THE WET STEEL THE TORCH HURLS HIMSELF FULL FORCE ONTO THE VAULT DOOR!-IT SIZZLES, THEN BEGINS TO MELT!-



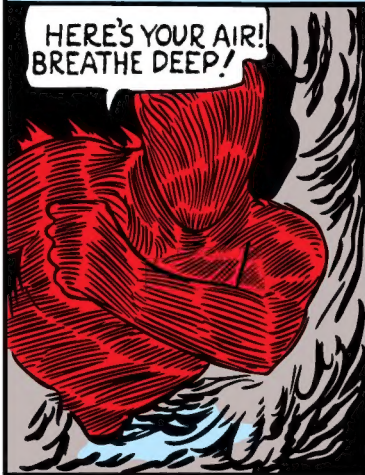
INSIDE THE AIRLESS VAULT

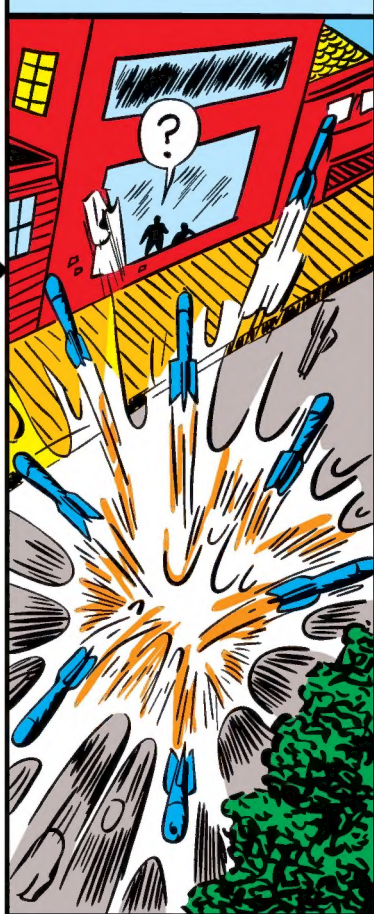
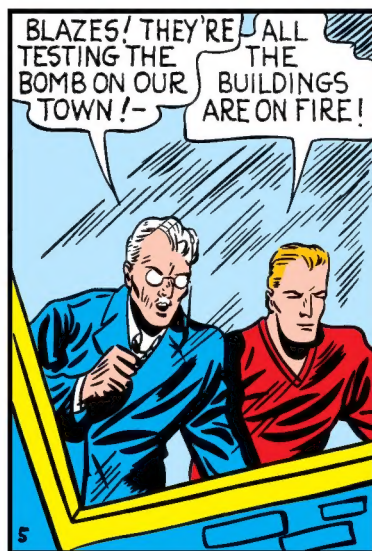
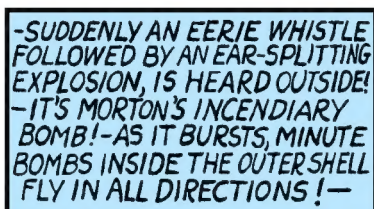
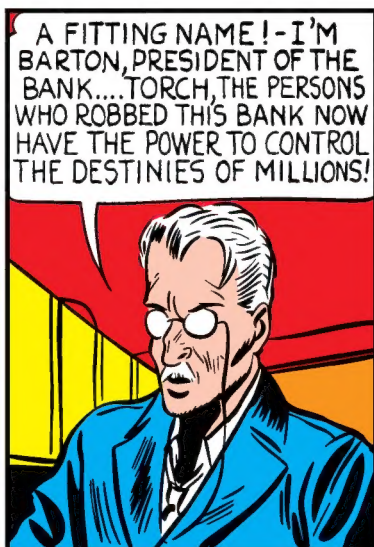
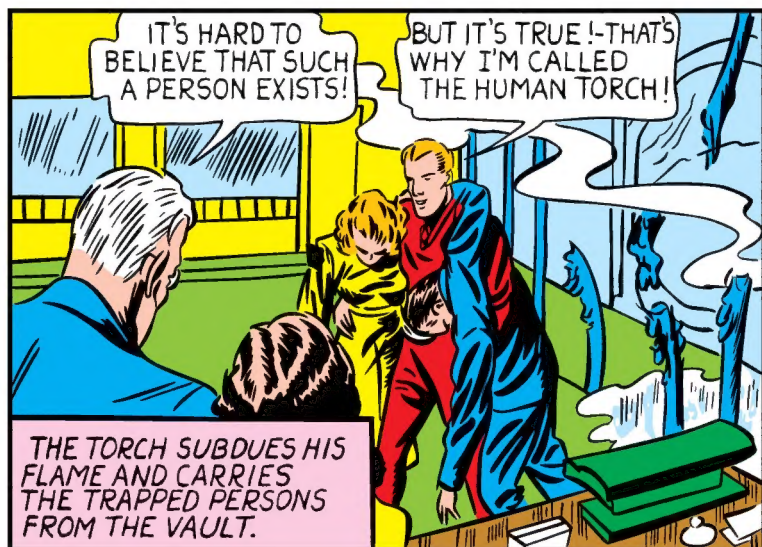
-WE'VE GOT TO HAVE AIR!-AIR!
-GULP-LOOK, -
-THE DOOR-IT'S MELTING!

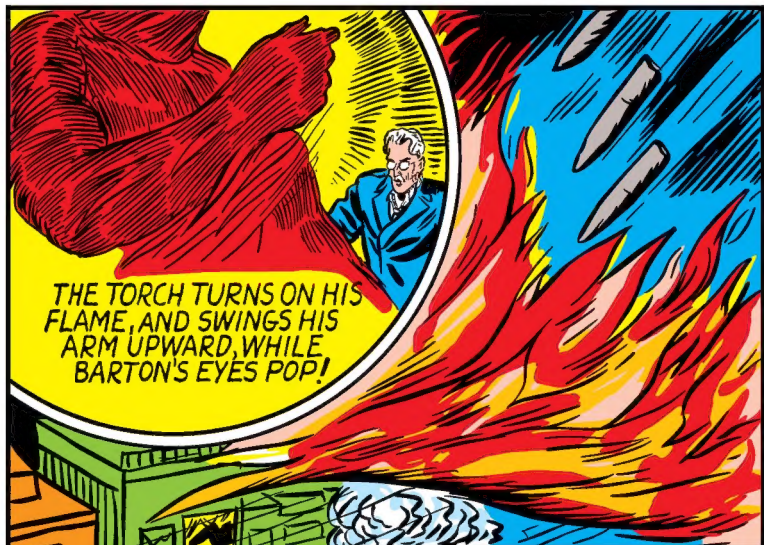


-A HOLE FORMS-AND AIR RUSHES THRU!-

HERE'S YOUR AIR!
BREATHE DEEP!







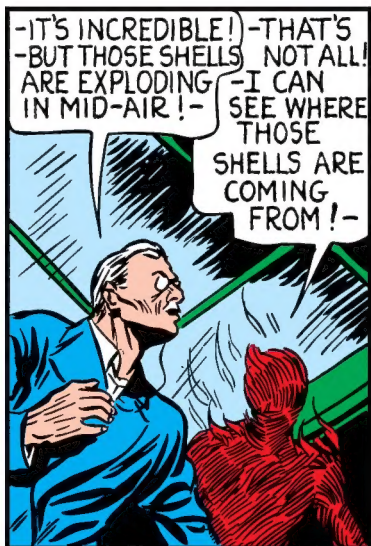
THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME, AND SWINGS HIS ARM UPWARD, WHILE BARTON'S EYES POP!



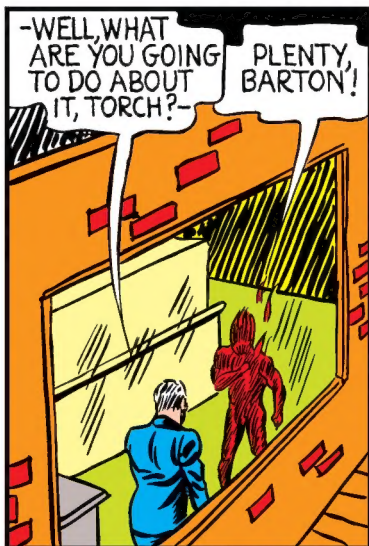
-HAH!- NOW THOSE ONCOMING BOMBS WILL NEVER REACH THEIR GOAL!-



-FOR EVERY BIT OF FLAME SHOOTS INTO THE SKY TO HANG OVER MIDTOWN LIKE A PROTECTING CLOUD!

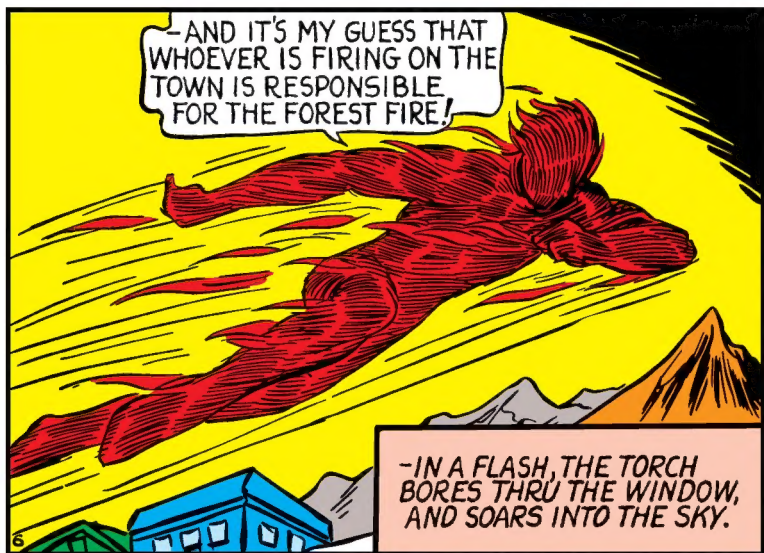


-IT'S INCREDIBLE!- BUT THOSE SHELLS ARE EXPLODING IN MID-AIR!-
-THAT'S NOT ALL!- I CAN SEE WHERE THOSE SHELLS ARE COMING FROM!-



-WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT, TORCH?-

PLENTY, BARTON!



-AND IT'S MY GUESS THAT WHOEVER IS FIRING ON THE TOWN IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FOREST FIRE!

-IN A FLASH, THE TORCH BORES THRU THE WINDOW, AND SOARS INTO THE SKY.



-WHILE NOT FAR AWAY-

-SOMETHING'S WRONG, TURGO!-
-THE BOMBS ARE GOING OFF BEFORE THEY TOUCH THE GROUND!
-OUR FOREIGN AGENT ISN'T GOING TO LIKE THAT!-
-LOOK!- A BLOTCH OF FLAME SPEEDING TOWARD US!!

WITH HIS FLAMING BODY GLOWING STRONGER, THE TORCH DIVES DOWN ON THE CANNON — IT HISSES AND BEGINS TO MELT

- WAIT! - THAT'S AN ELECTRIC CANNON! — MAYBE, WHEN HE MELTS THE ELECTRODES HE'LL DESTROY HIMSELF! -

AS THE ELECTRODES SMOLDER, A STINGING STREAK OF ELECTRONIC RAYS TWIST AROUND THE TORCH'S BODY - BUT WITHOUT HARM!

HAH! - IT TICKLES!

IT'S THE TORCH!! -

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, PATCH!!

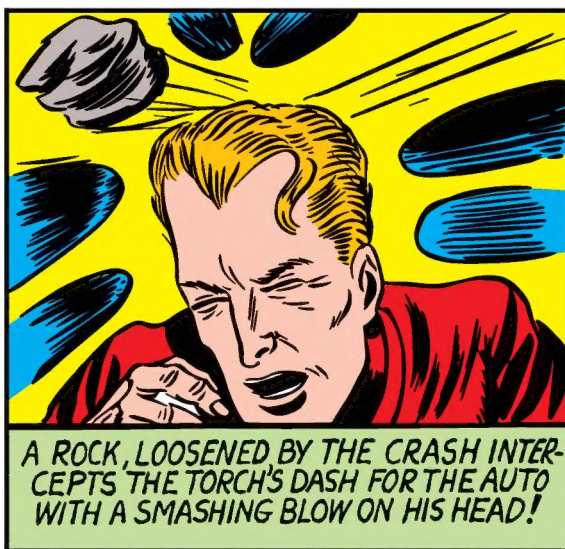
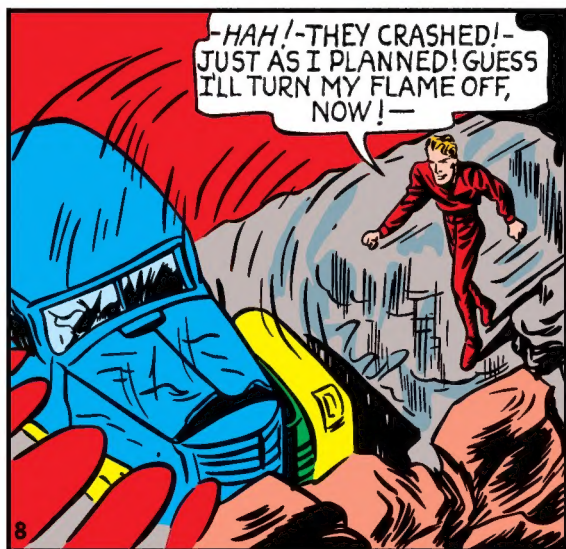
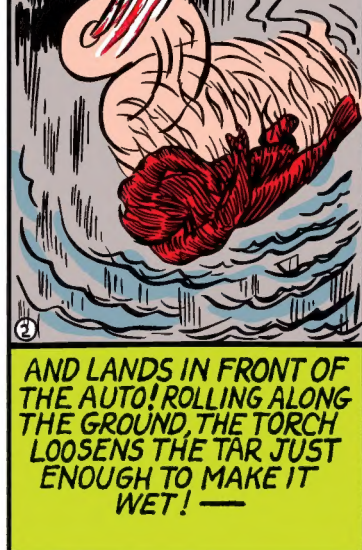
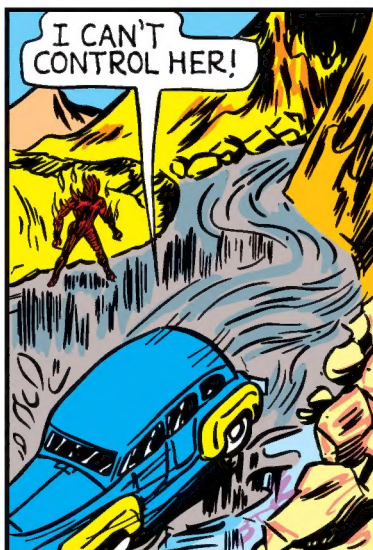
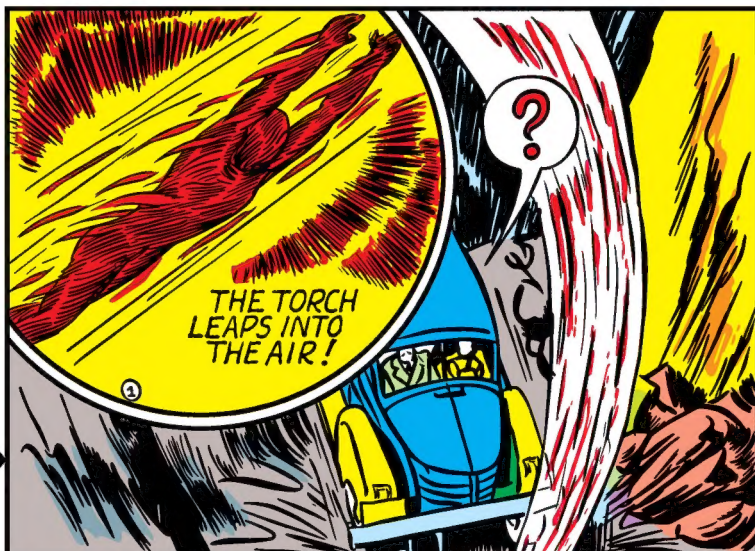
IT'S AMAZING! - THAT RAY WOULD HAVE KILLED TEN ORDINARY MEN!

- BUT IT DID NOTHING TO THE TORCH! IT JUST MADE HIM LAUGH! -

MAKE FOR THE AUTO, TURGO! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

FOOLS! - AS SOON AS THIS DEVILISH CANNON IS DESTROYED, I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU BOTH!

- FINISHED! - AND THEY'RE MOVING FAST! - NOW, TO STOP THE AUTO WITHOUT DESTROYING THOSE MEN! - THEY STILL HAVE MORTON'S PLANS!





HAH!-DID YOU SEE THAT, TURGO!

YEAH!

THE TORCH'S BODY BUCKLES UP AND HE ROLLS DOWN A LOW EMBANKMENT. PATCH AND TURGO WRENCH THEMSELVES FREE FROM THEIR WRECKED CAR—

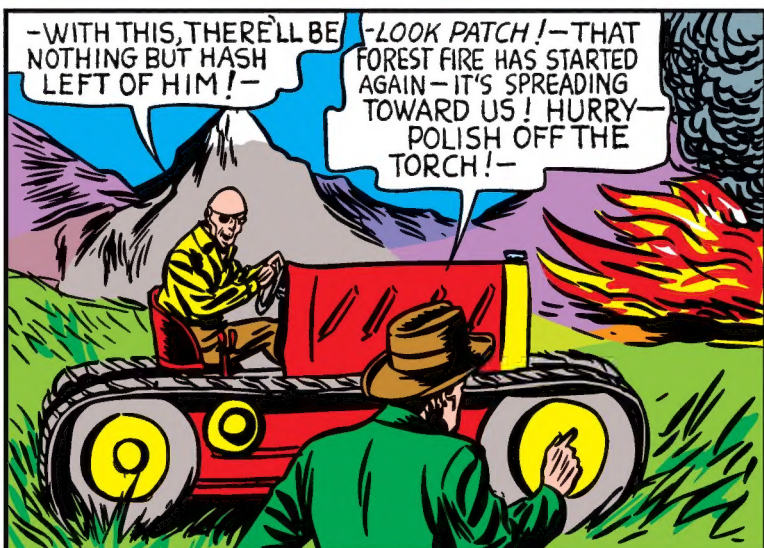


TOO BAD HE ISN'T OUT FOR GOOD!—

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM, -HE'LL BE COMING TO IN A WHILE!

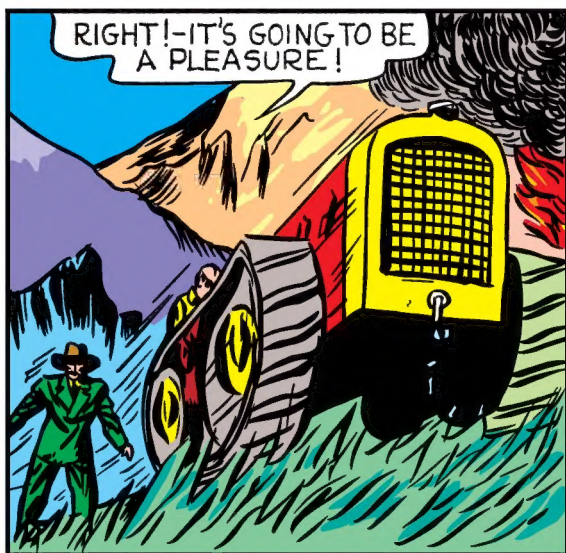


-I'VE GOT IT!-SEE THAT TRACTOR OVER THERE. -THAT'S YOUR ANSWER!

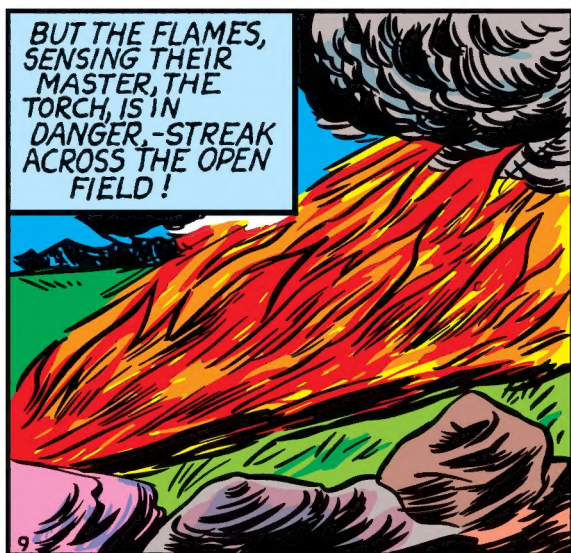


-WITH THIS, THERE'LL BE NOTHING BUT HASH LEFT OF HIM!—

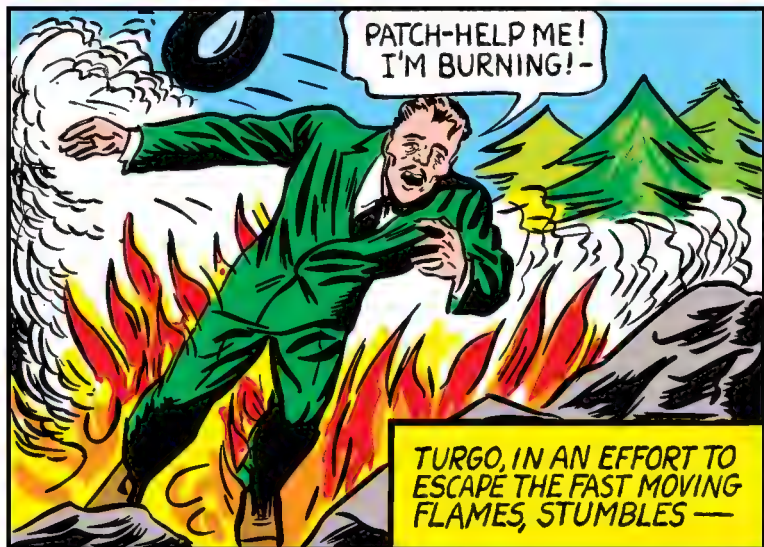
-LOOK PATCH!—THAT FOREST FIRE HAS STARTED AGAIN—IT'S SPREADING TOWARD US! HURRY—POLISH OFF THE TORCH!—



RIGHT!-IT'S GOING TO BE A PLEASURE!



BUT THE FLAMES, SENSING THEIR MASTER, THE TORCH, IS IN DANGER. -STREAK ACROSS THE OPEN FIELD!





ELUDING THE RAGING FLAMES PATCH CLIMBS UP A ROCKY CLIFF!



-WOW!-MY HEAD FEELS LIKE A MERRY-GO-ROUND!
-WHAT HAPPENED?-

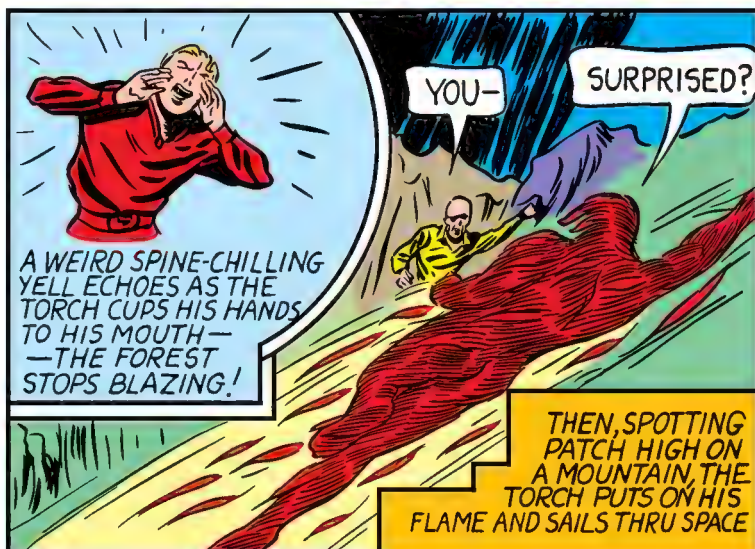
MEANWHILE THE TORCH RE-GAINS HIS SENSES!-



-BLAZES!-THOSE MEN-
-MORTON'S PLANS!-WHAT'S THAT BURNT THING OVER THERE?-



HAH!-IT'S ONE OF THEM!-BUT HOW WAS HE BURNED?-I SEE, THE FOREST FIRE! FORGOT ABOUT IT!-I'LL PUT AN END TO THAT!-



A WEIRD SPINE-CHILLING YELL ECHOES AS THE TORCH CUPS HIS HANDS TO HIS MOUTH-
-THE FOREST STOPS BLAZING!

YOU-
SURPRISED?

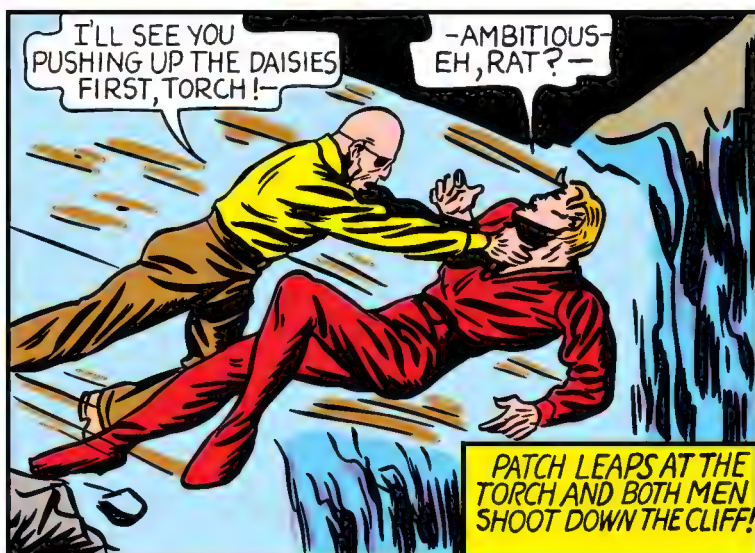
THEN, SPOTTING PATCH HIGH ON A MOUNTAIN, THE TORCH PUTS ON HIS FLAME AND SAILS THRU SPACE



NOW YOU'VE GOT ME CORNERED-
-WHAT DO YOU WANT?-

MORTON'S PLANS FIRST!
-THEN YOU'LL PAY THE PRICE FOR STARTING A FOREST FIRE, BOMBING A TOWN, AND -

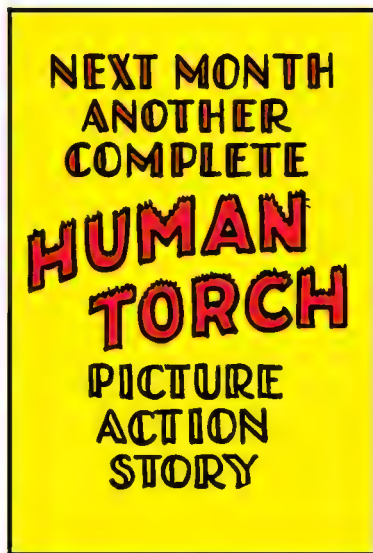
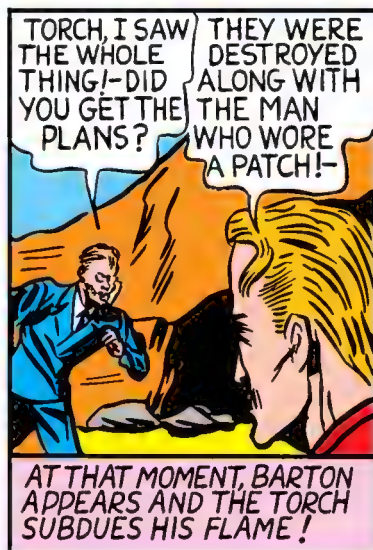
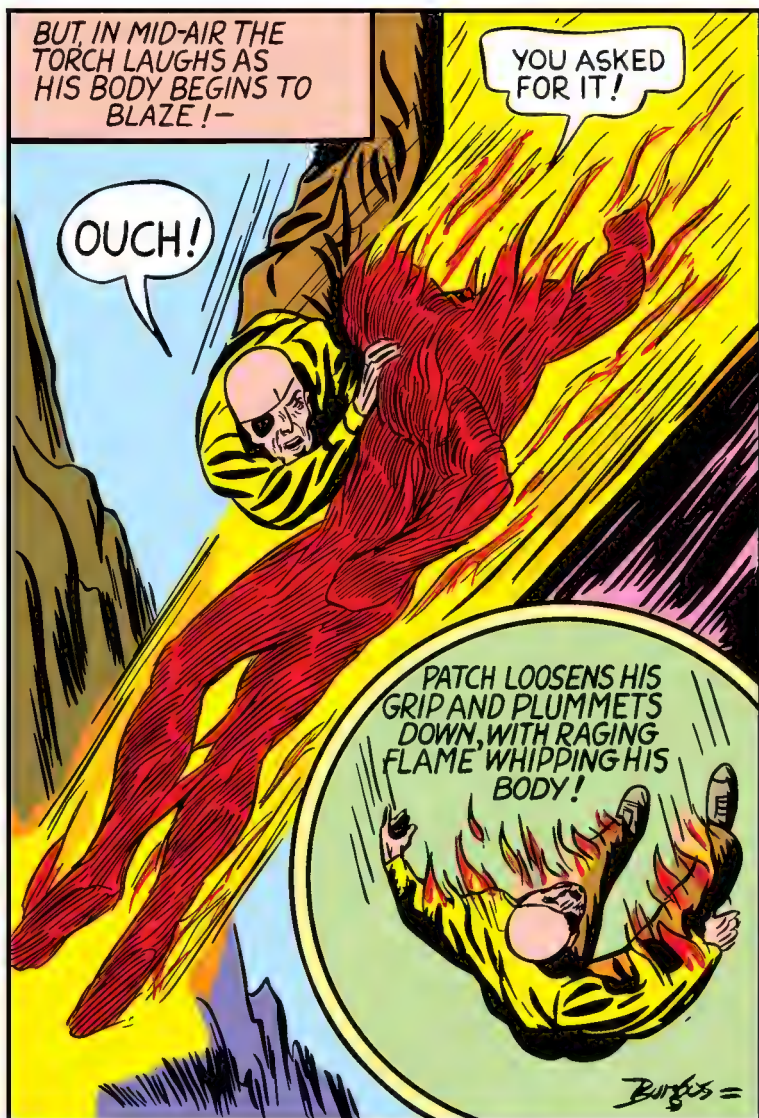
TURNING OFF HIS FLAME, THE TORCH SETTLES HIMSELF ALONGSIDE PATCH!

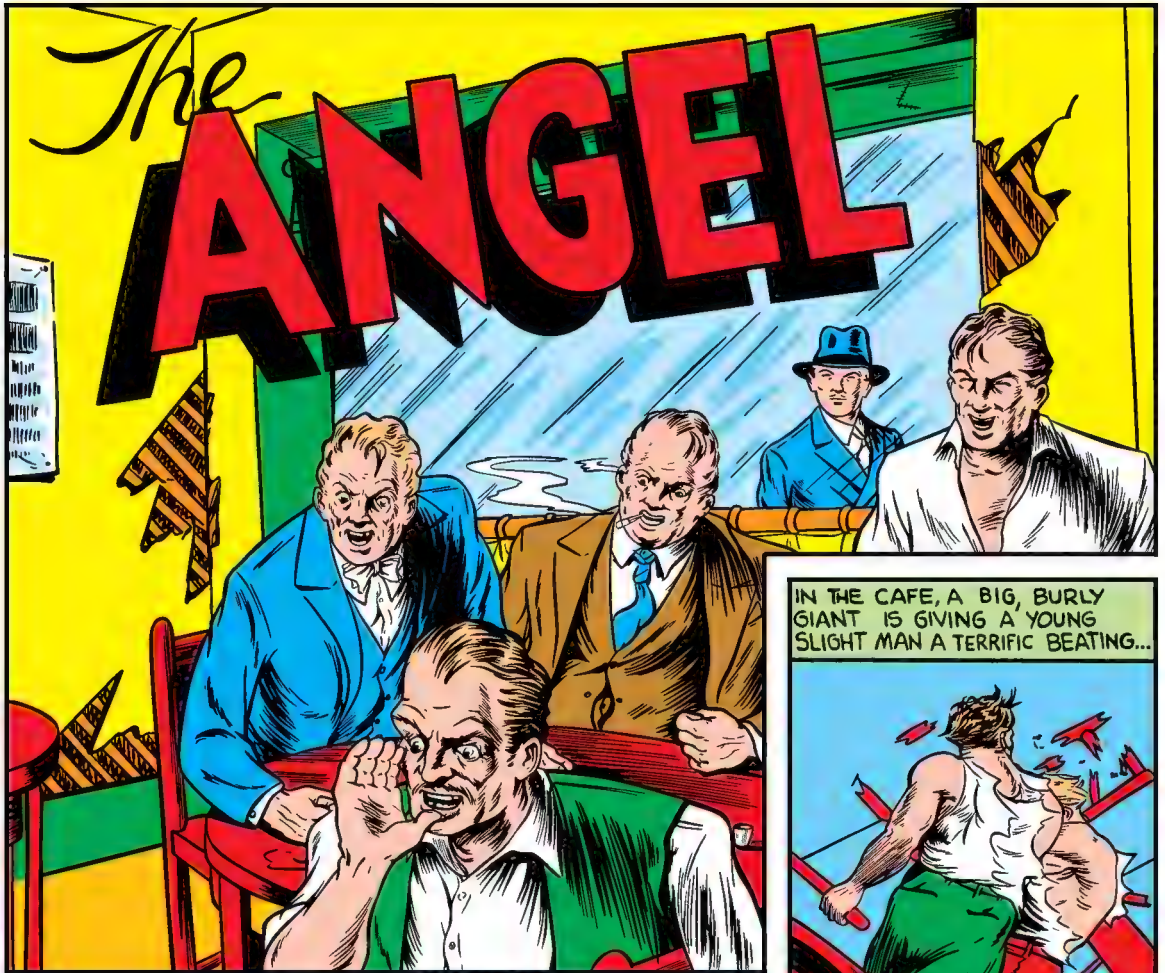


I'LL SEE YOU PUSHING UP THE DAISIES FIRST, TORCH!-

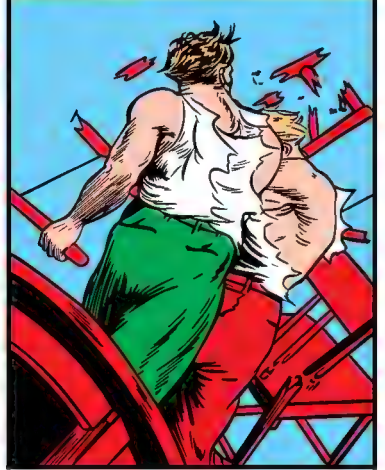
-AMBITIOUS-
EH, RAT?-

PATCH LEAPS AT THE TORCH AND BOTH MEN SHOOT DOWN THE CLIFF!

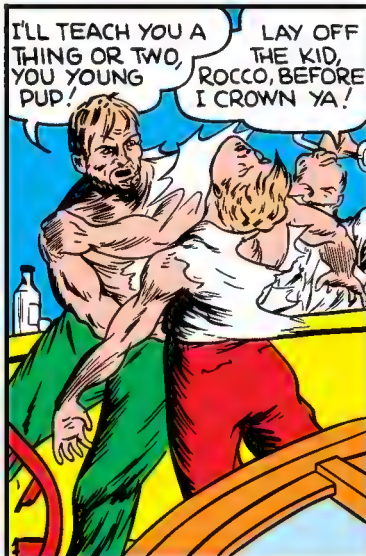




IN THE CAFE, A BIG, BURLY GIANT IS GIVING A YOUNG SLIGHT MAN A TERRIFIC BEATING...

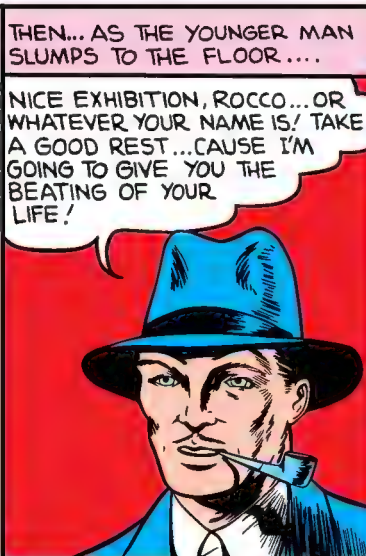


A STATELY, CLEAN-CUT FIGURE WALKS LEISURELY THROUGH A SLUM SECTION OF THE CITY..... KEEN-EYED AND SHARP-WITTED, HE IS KNOWN TO THE UNDERWORLD AS A DEVIL IN DISGUISE... AND TO THE POLICE AND LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS AS...**THE ANGEL**. HE GLANCES INTO A CAFE.....



I'LL TEACH YOU A THING OR TWO, YOU YOUNG PUP!

LAY OFF THE KID, ROCCO, BEFORE I CROWN YA!



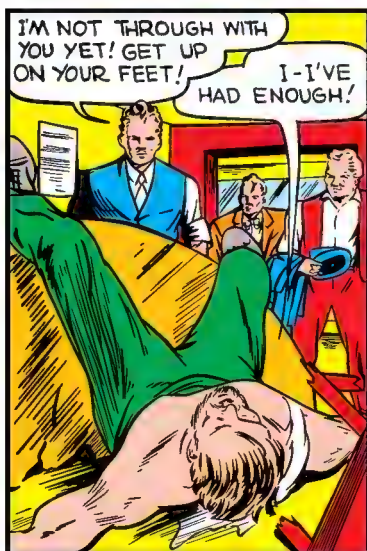
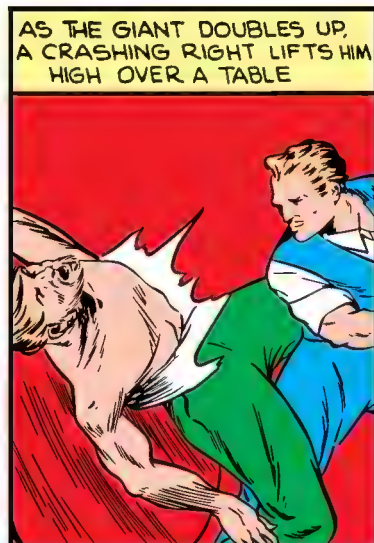
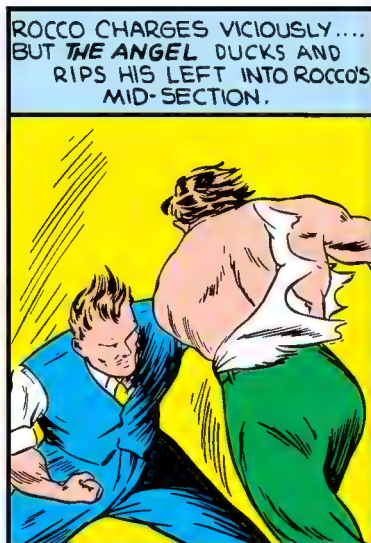
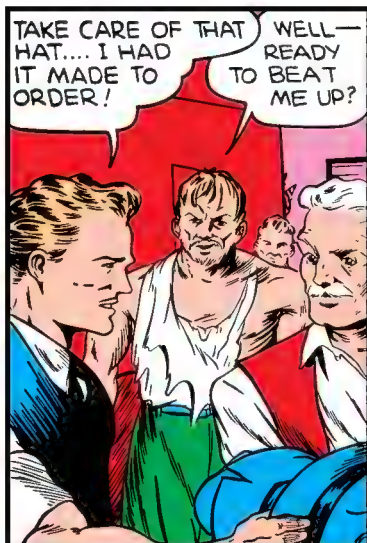
THEN... AS THE YOUNGER MAN SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR....

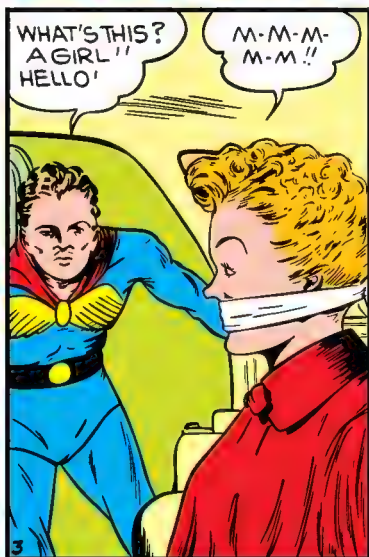
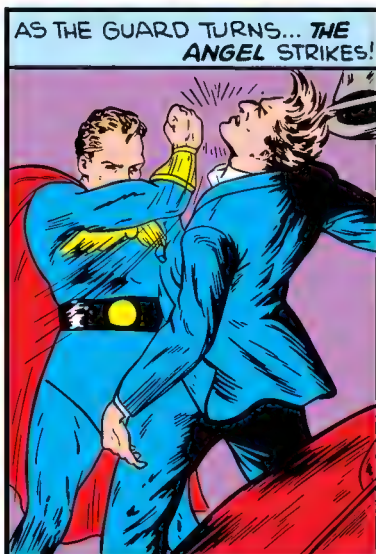
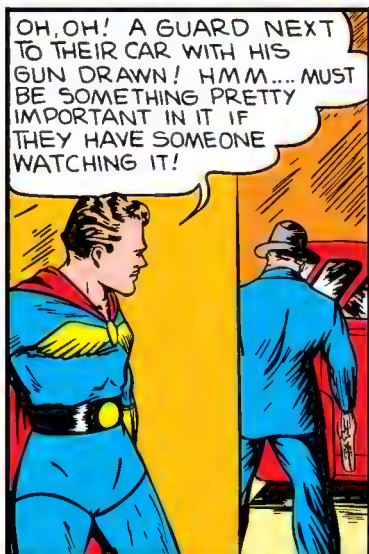
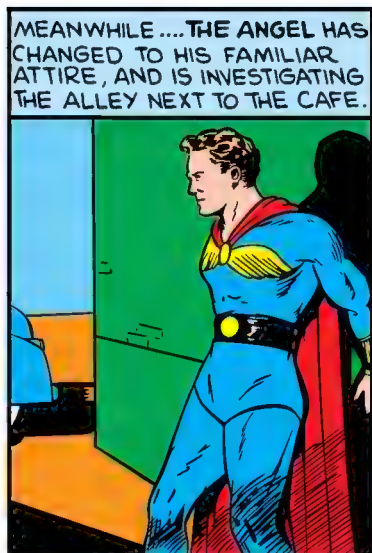
NICE EXHIBITION, ROCCO... OR WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS! TAKE A GOOD REST...CAUSE I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE BEATING OF YOUR LIFE!

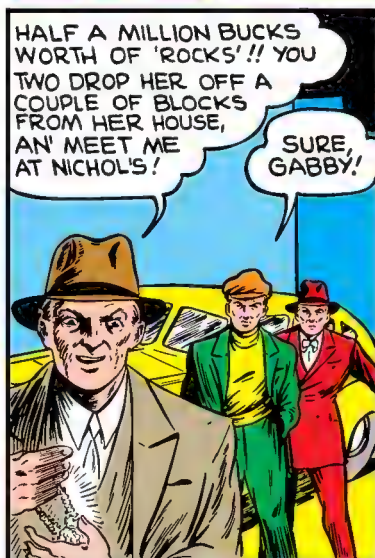
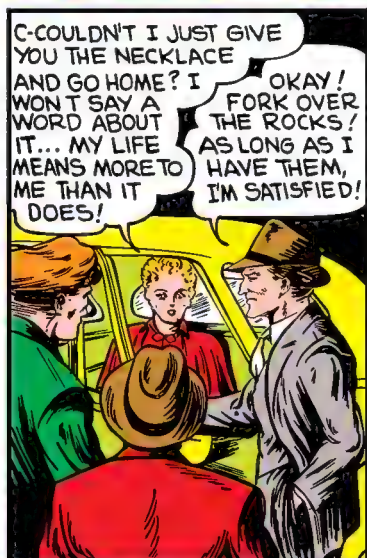
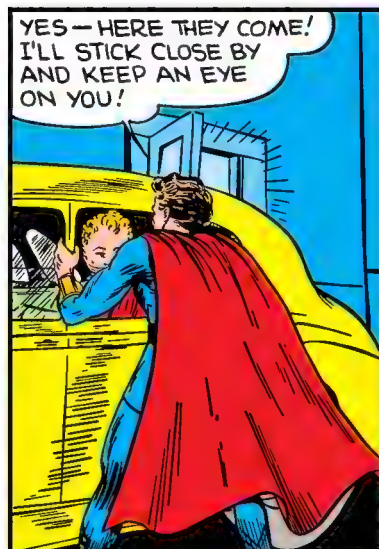


OH — SO YOU WANT TO START SOMETHING, FANCY PANTS!

BETTER MOVE ALONG, BUD... HE'S NO ONE TO PLAY AROUND WITH!

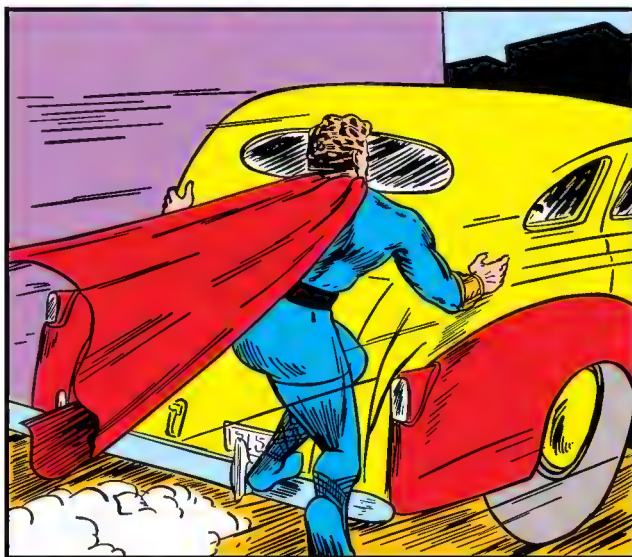


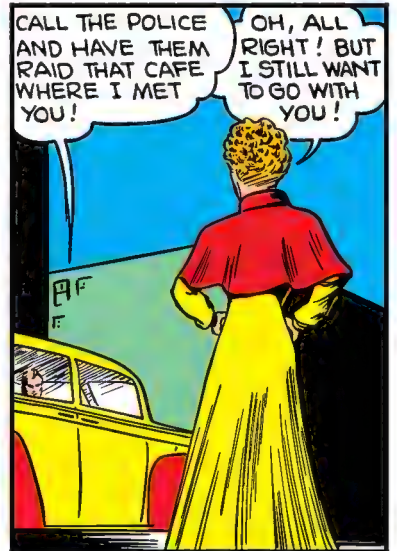
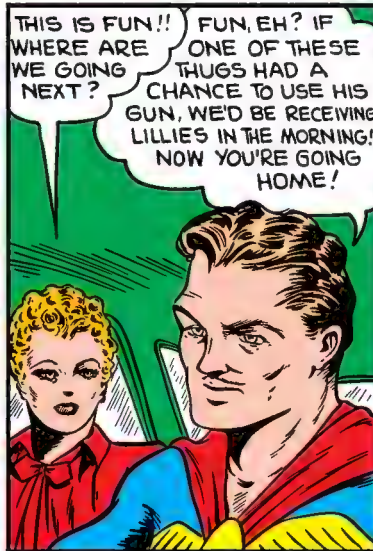
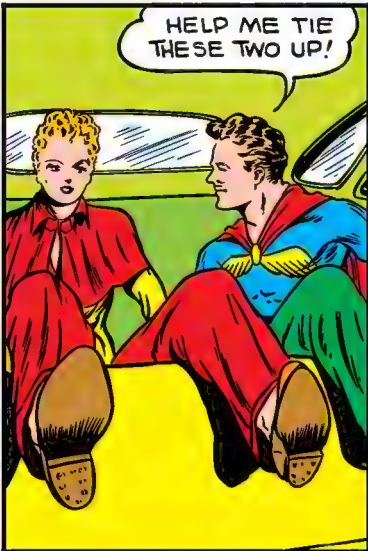
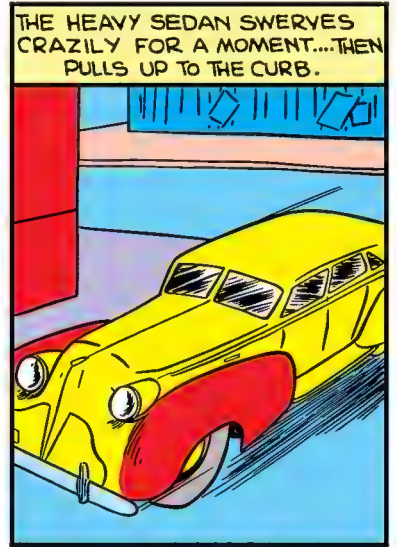




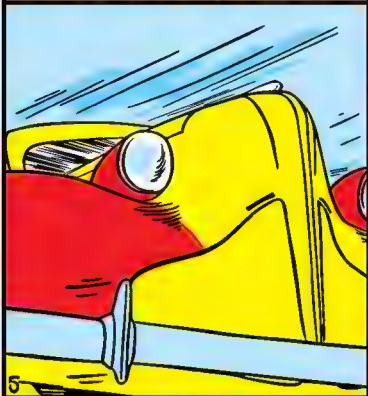
AS THE CAR STARTS OFF TO TAKE MARY HOME, THE ANGEL LEAPS FROM THE SHADOWS TO THE BACK OF IT!

4





AFTER LEAVING MARY AT HER HOME, *THE ANGEL* ROARS OFF FOR NICHOL'S....WHERE GABBY HARRIS HAS TAKEN MARY'S SUPPOSEDLY VALUABLE NECKLACE.

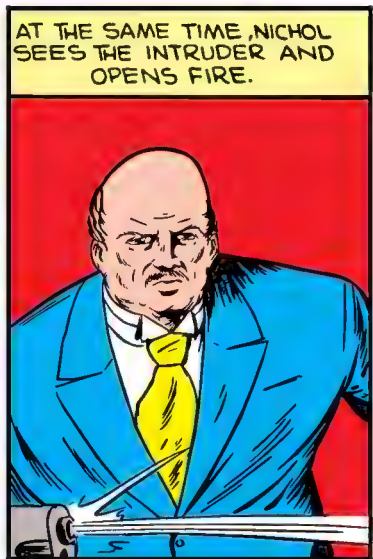
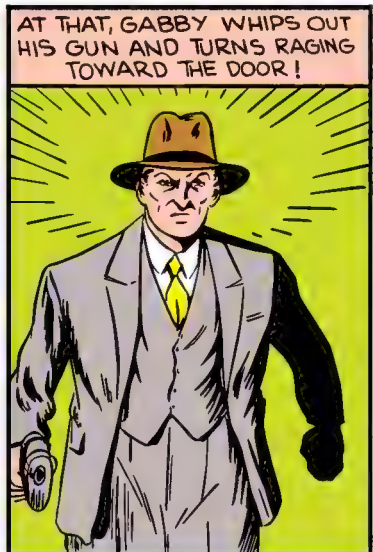


AS *THE ANGEL* STOPS IN FRONT OF NICHOL'S JEWELRY HOUSE, HE SEES GABBY HARRIS ENTERING.



DID YOU BRING THE GEMS? YEP! RIGHT HERE IN MY POCKET!

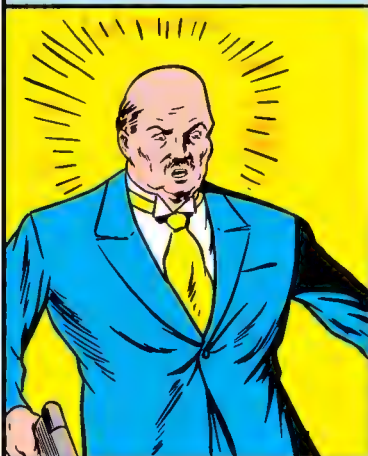




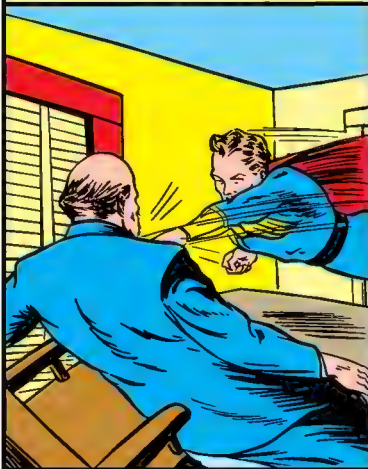
INSTEAD OF THE BULLETS FROM NICHOL'S GUN HITTING **THE ANGEL**, THEY TEAR INTO GABBY, WHO IS BETWEEN THE TWO!



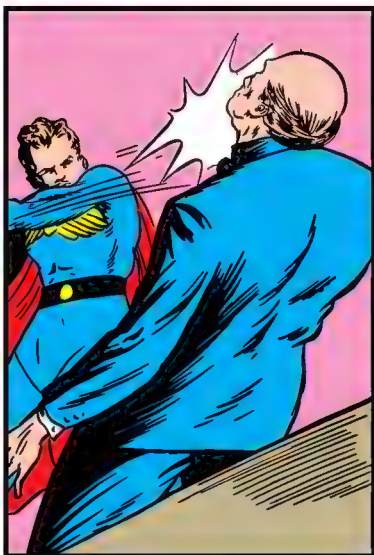
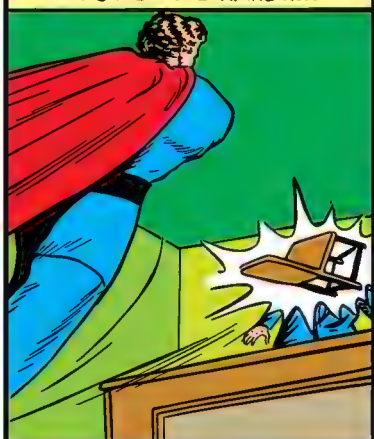
STUNNED FOR A MOMENT BY WHAT HAPPENED, NICHOL LOWERS HIS GUN.



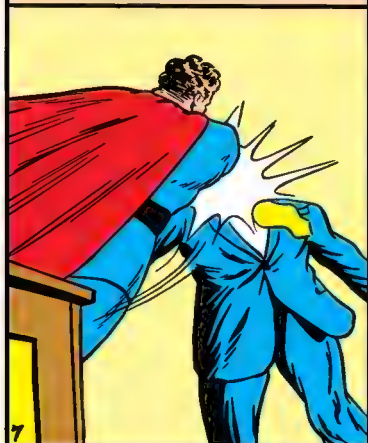
.... AND POUNCES UPON HIM BEFORE HE IS ABLE TO RECOVER IT!



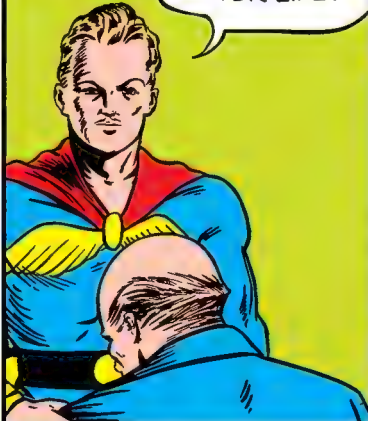
LIKE A FLASH, **THE ANGEL** SENDS A CHAIR FLYING AT NICHOL KNOCKING THE GUN OUT OF HIS HAND.....



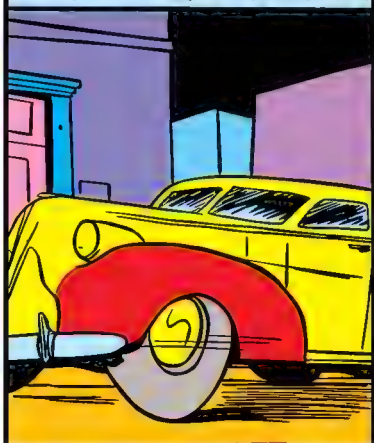
LITERALLY MASHED TO A PULP, NICHOL DROPS IN A HEAP FROM **THE ANGEL'S** CRASHING BLOWS!

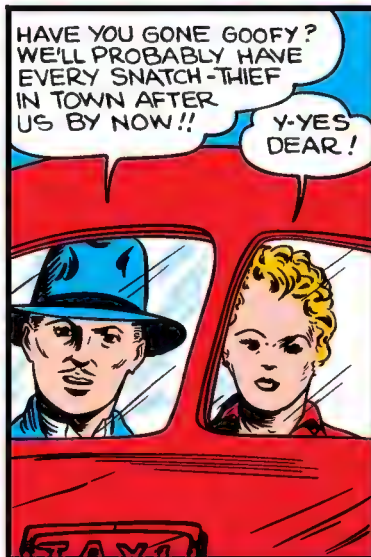
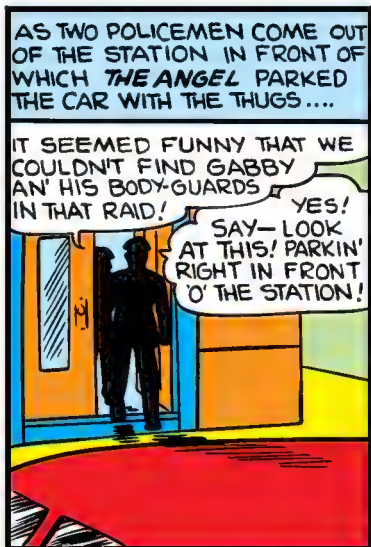


WELL, NICHOL, IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR DAYS ASA JEWELER ARE OVER MORE THAN LIKELY FOR LIFE!



PLACING HARRIS AND NICHOL IN THE SEDAN WITH THE TWO OTHER THUGS, **THE ANGEL** DRIVES OFF TO THE NEAREST POLICE STATION



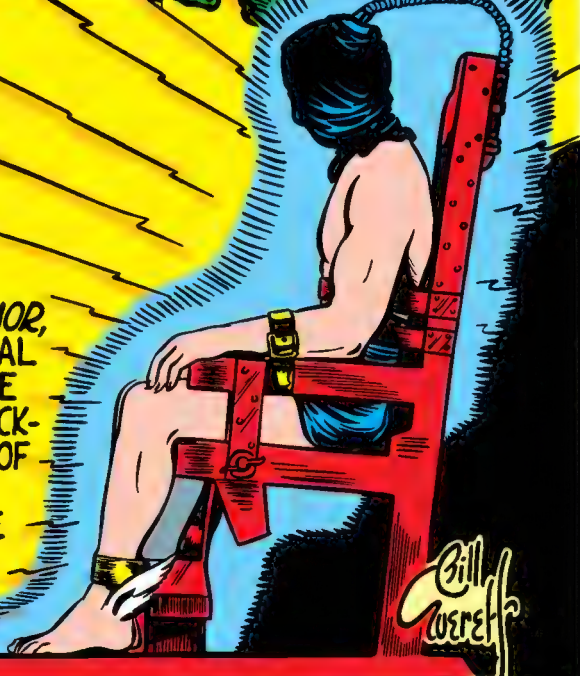


PRINCE NAMOR

The

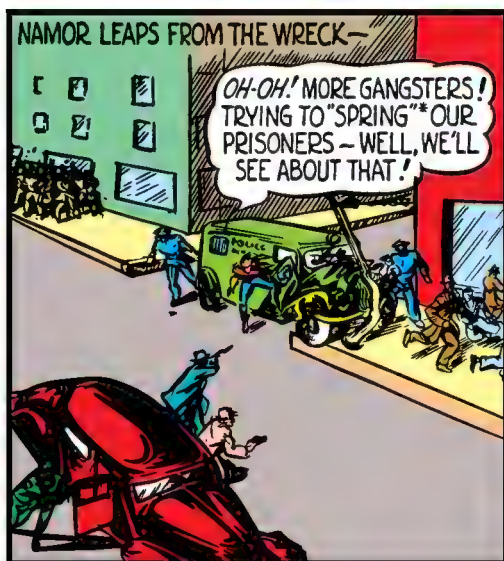
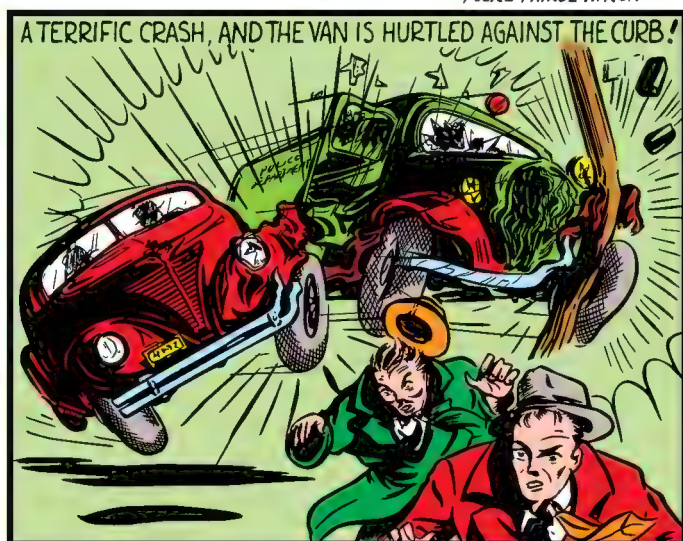
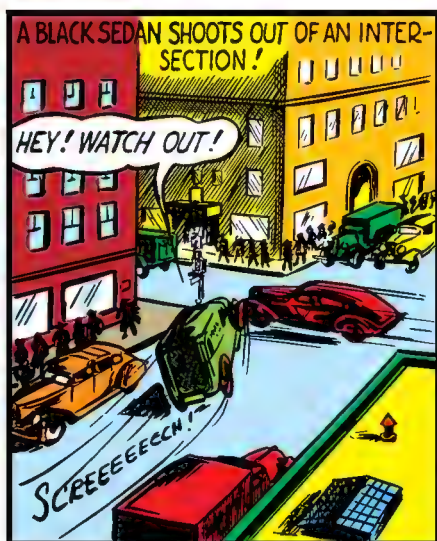
Sub-MARINER

AFTER HE IS JAILED UPON HIS RETURN TO NEW YORK, *PRINCE NAMOR*, THE *SUB-MARINER*, RECEIVES A SPECIAL PAROLE SO THAT HE MIGHT HELP AT THE SCENE OF A DISASTROUS SUBWAY WRECK—WHILE THERE HE DISCOVERS A GANG OF BANK ROBBERS DRILLING THEIR WAY INTO THE UNDERGROUND VAULT OF THE TREASURY—HE OVERPOWERS THE ROBBERS, AND



40







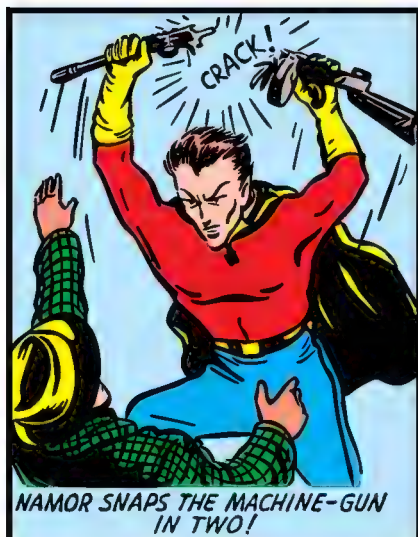
YOU ASKED FOR IT—
SO YOU'RE GONNA
GET IT.

WITH THAT
POPGUN??



WHAT TH---

HA!
YOUR BULLETS
CAN'T
HURT ME!



CRACK!

NAMOR SNAPS THE MACHINE-GUN
IN TWO!



THE GANGSTERS RACE MADLY TO THE
CAR THROUGH A RAIN OF BULLETS
FROM THE POLICE.

C'MON, GANG,
LET'S GET
OUT OF HERE!

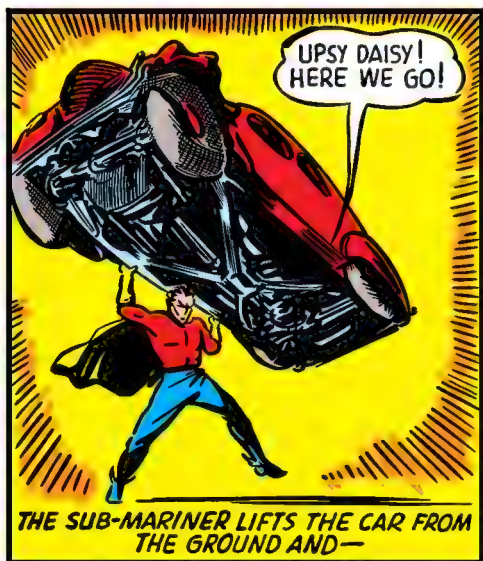


BUT NAMOR
LEAPS AFTER THEM



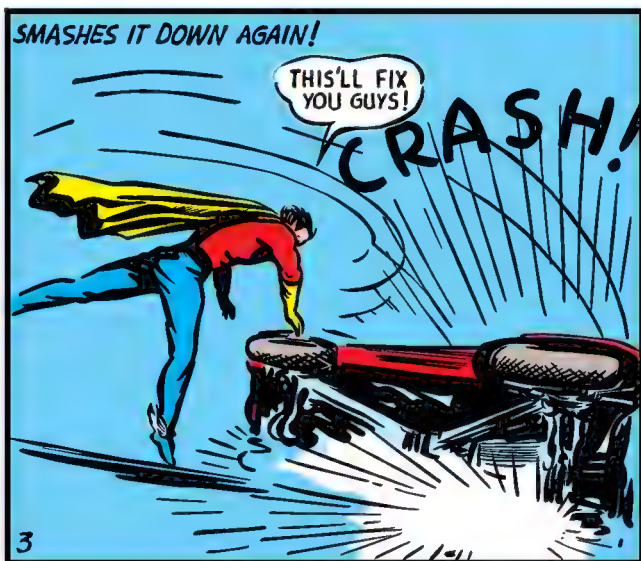
SUB-MARINER LANDS IN FRONT
OF SPEEDING CAR AND—

WHOA!!



UPSY DAISY!
HERE WE GO!

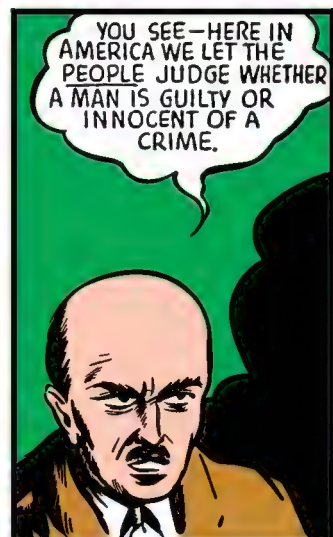
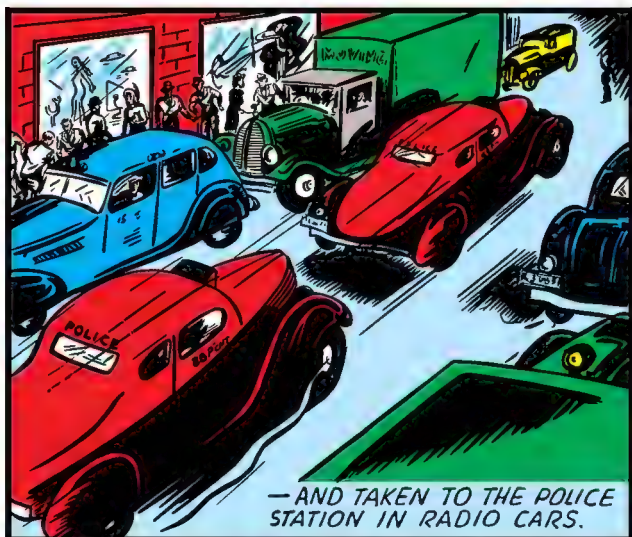
THE SUB-MARINER LIFTS THE CAR FROM
THE GROUND AND—



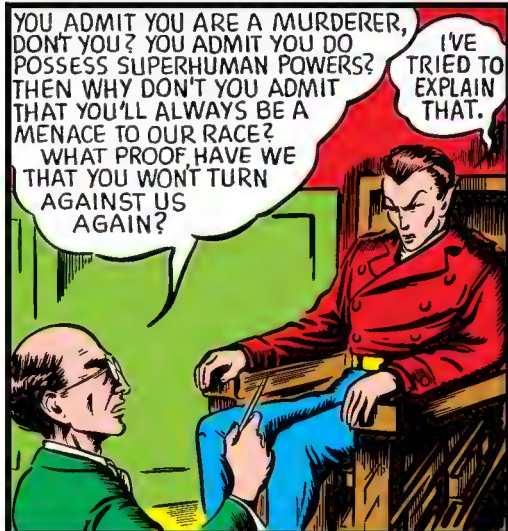
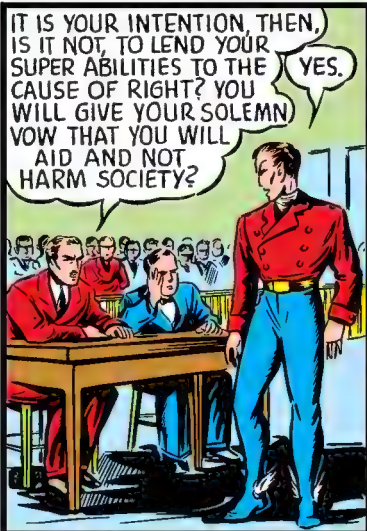
SMASHES IT DOWN AGAIN!

THIS'LL FIX
YOU GUYS!

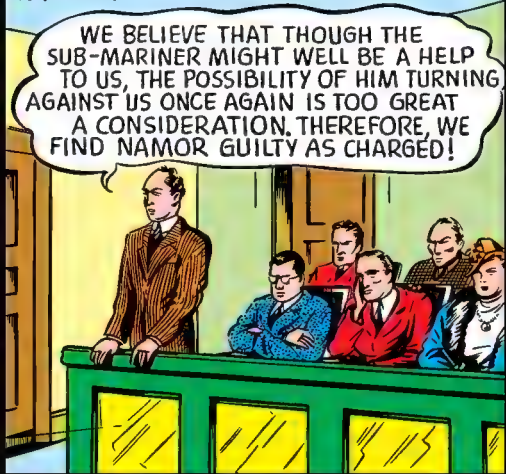
CRASH!

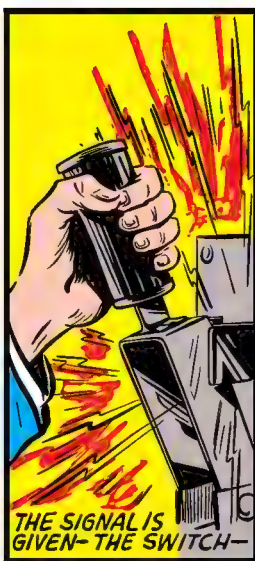
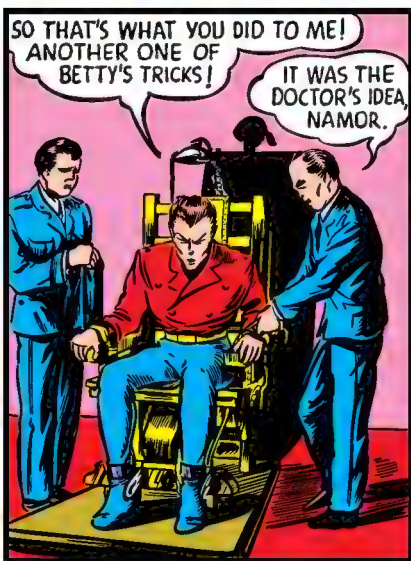
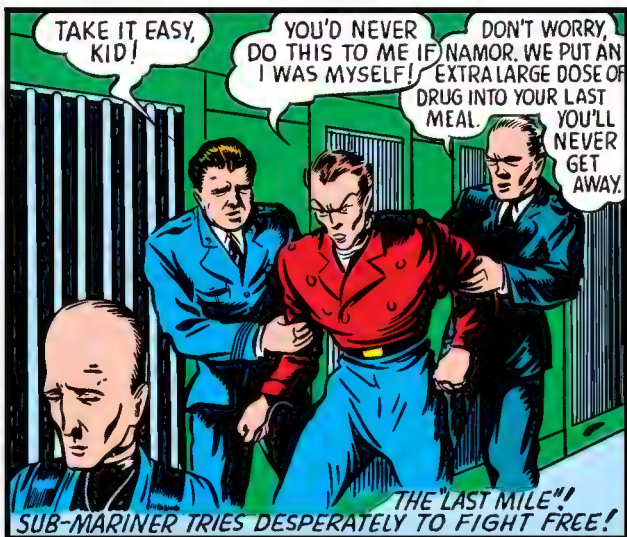
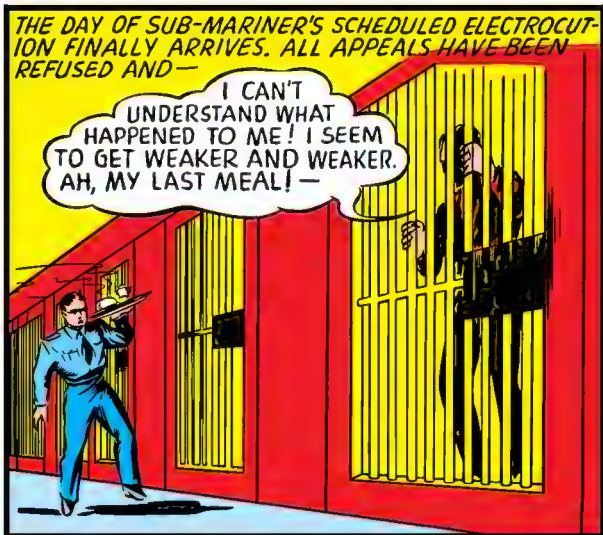


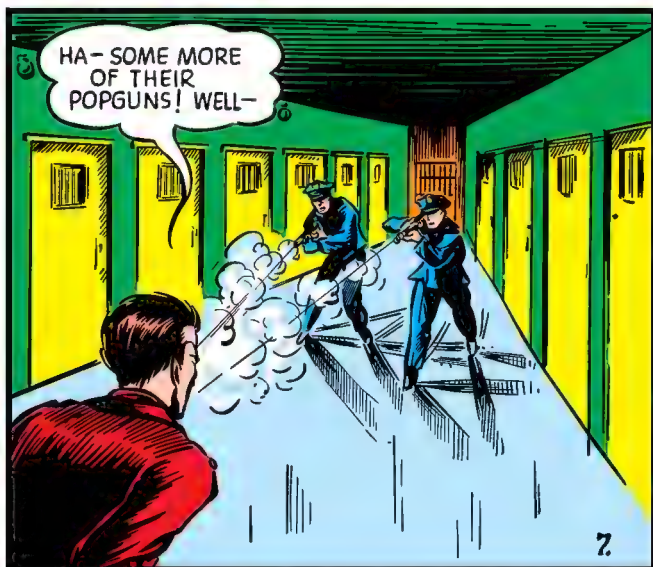
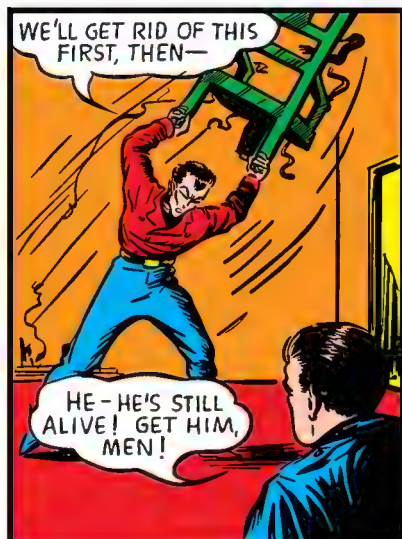
A FEW WEEKS LATER, NAMOR'S MURDER TRIAL BEGINS, AND WE FIND HIM IN THE COURTROOM BEING QUESTIONED BY HIS COUNSEL AND THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

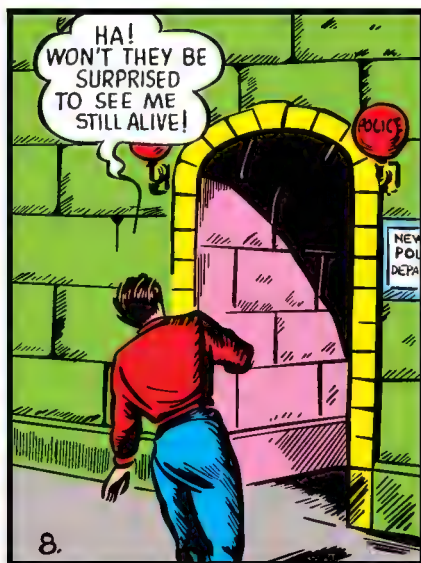
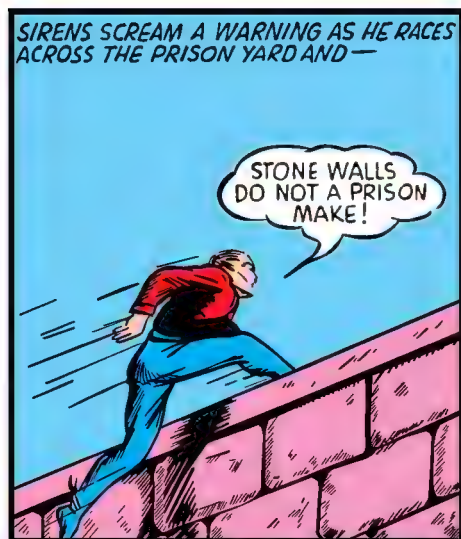


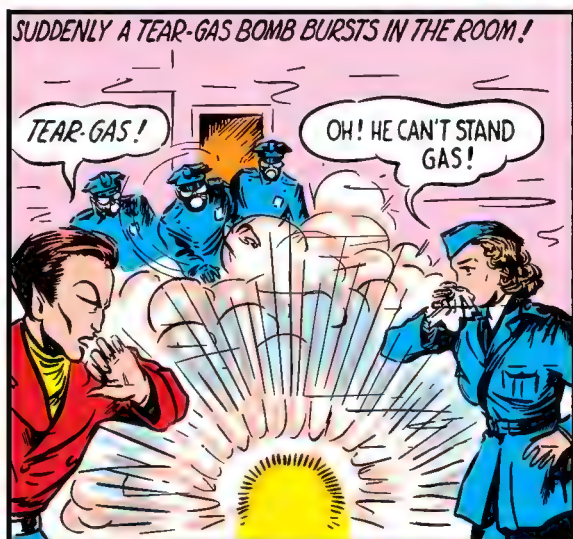
AFTER A TWO HOUR DEBATE, THE JURY RETURNS—

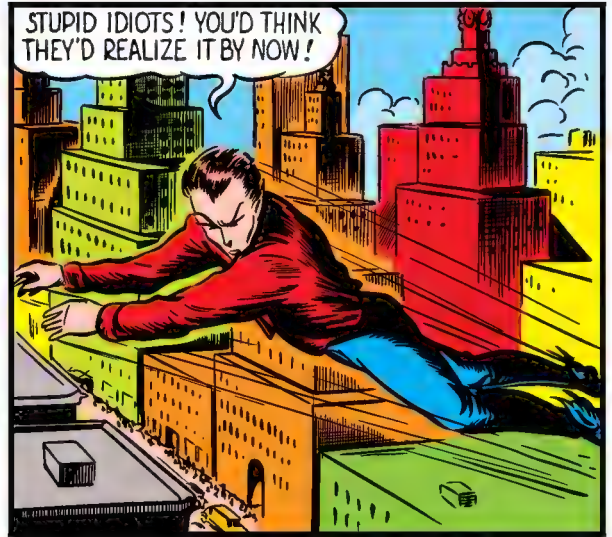
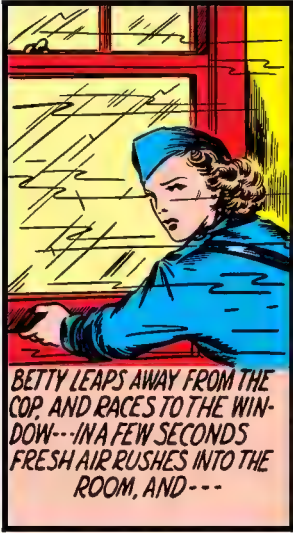


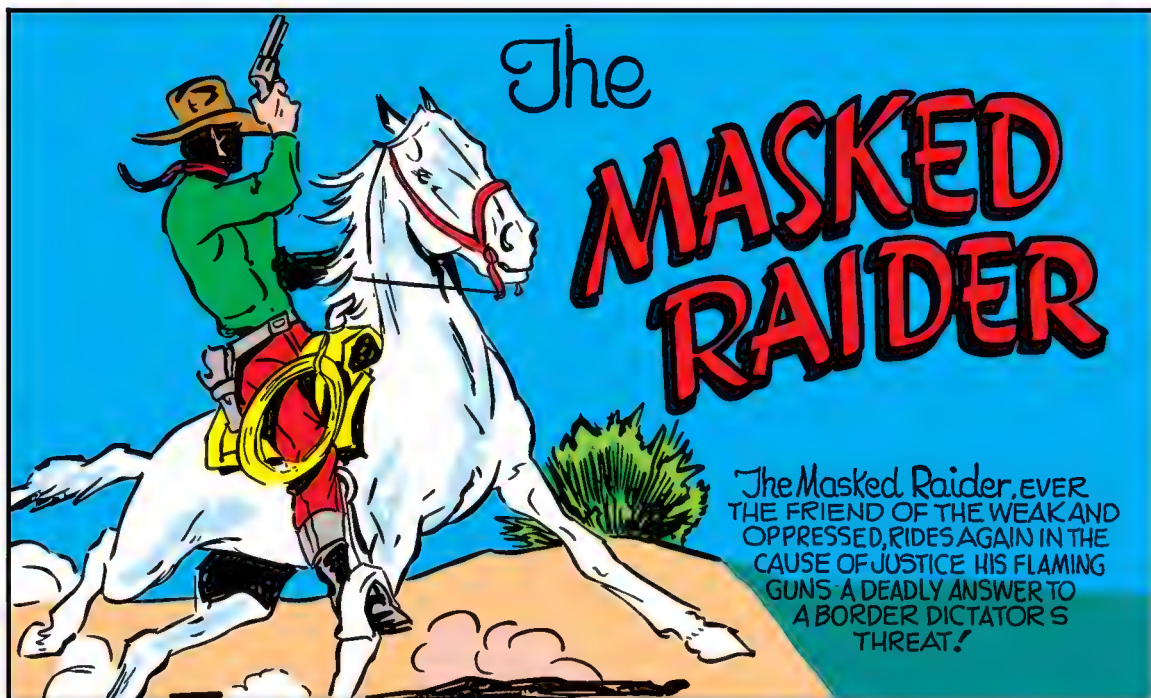




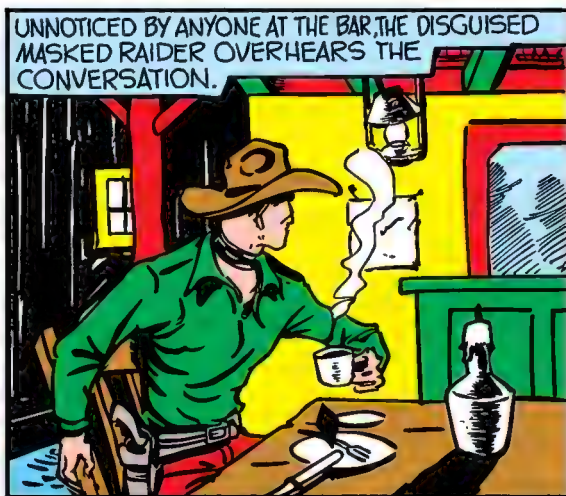


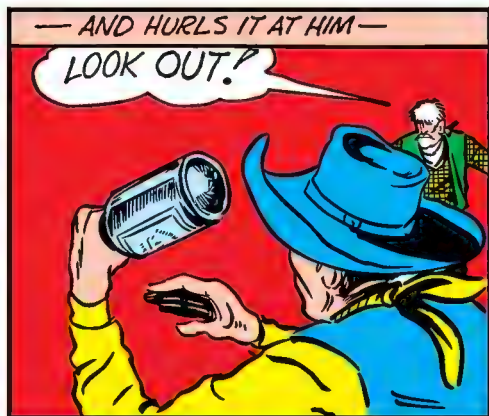
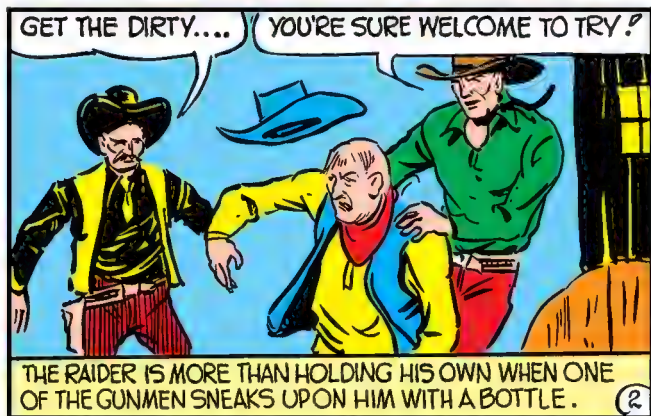
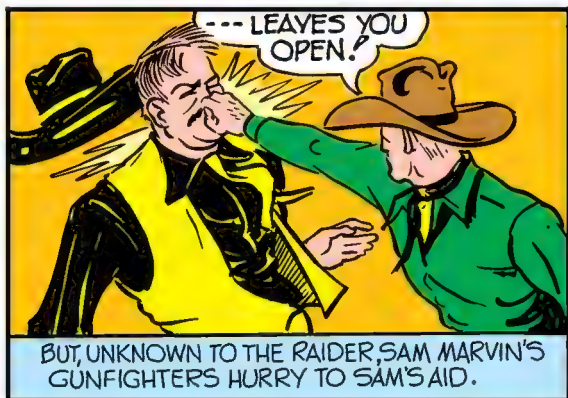
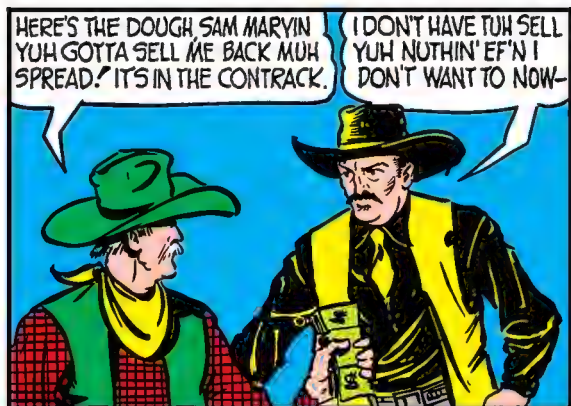


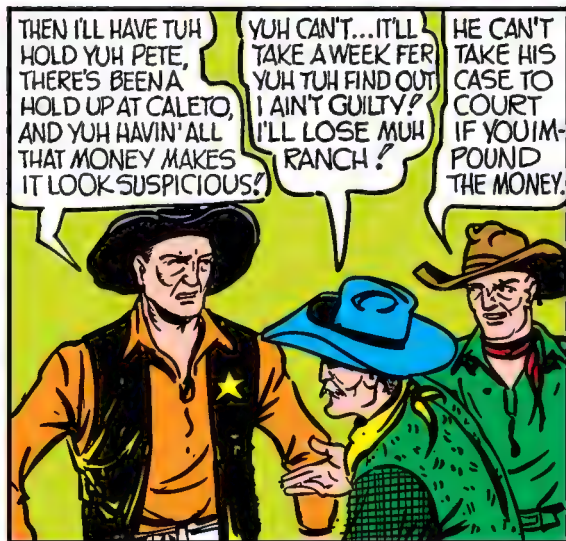
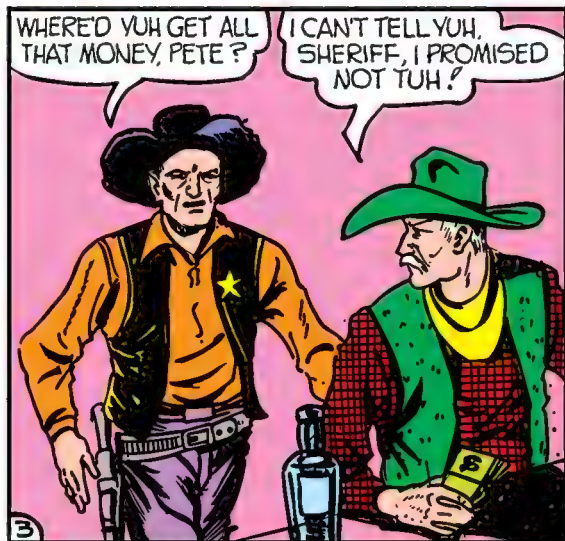


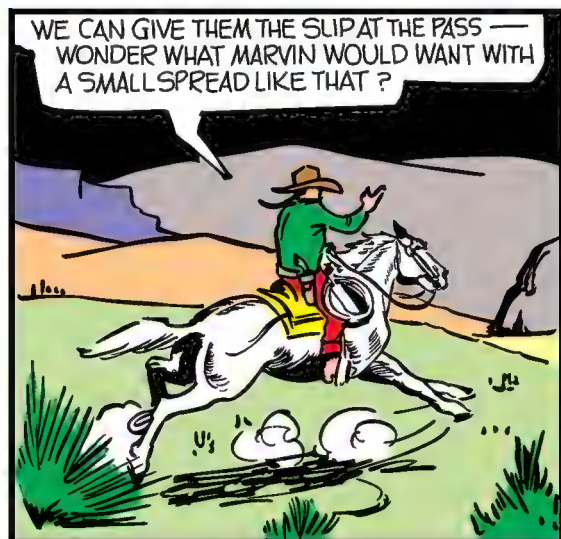
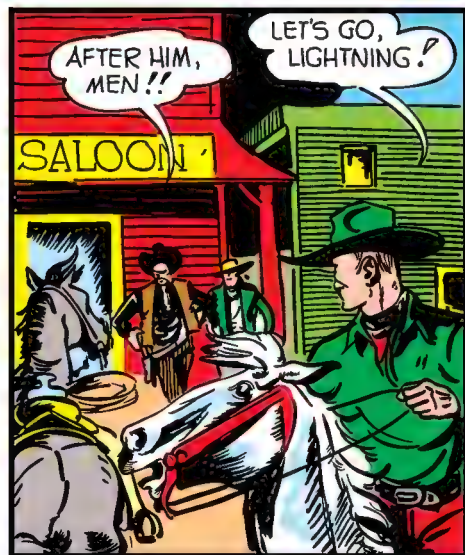


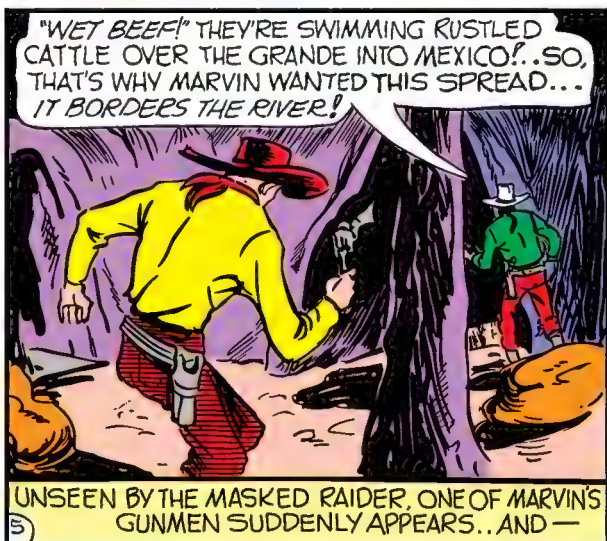
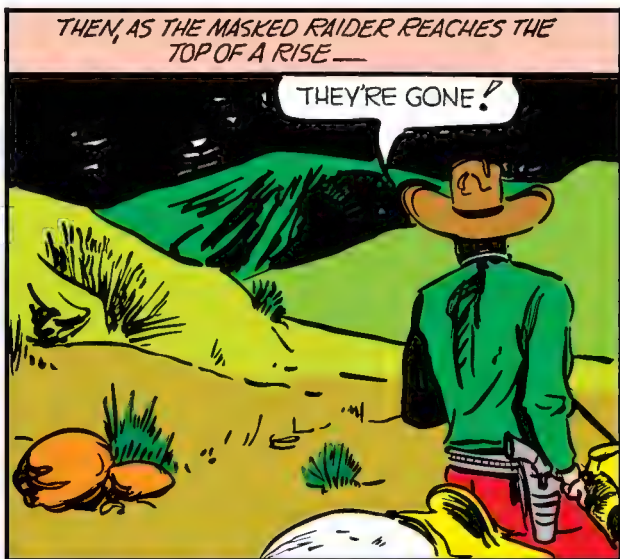
A LONE RIDER ENTERS THE ONE AND ONLY STREET OF EL PINOS - JUST NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE.

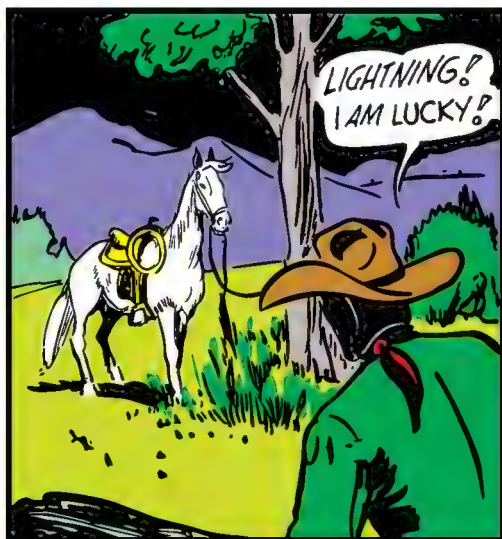
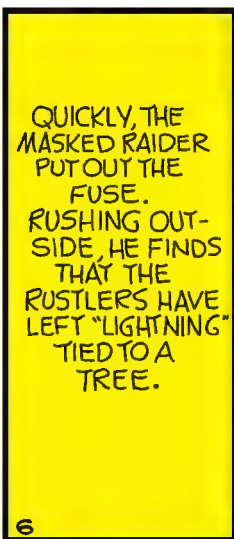
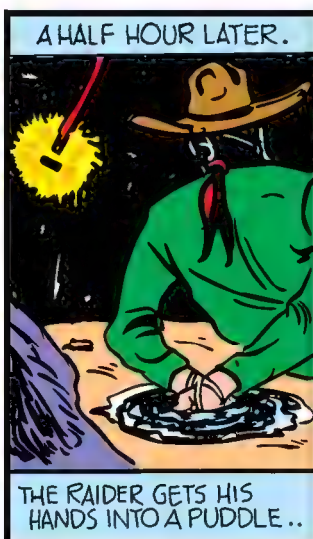
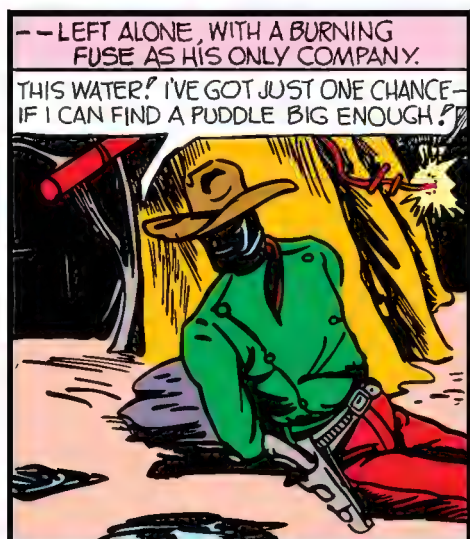
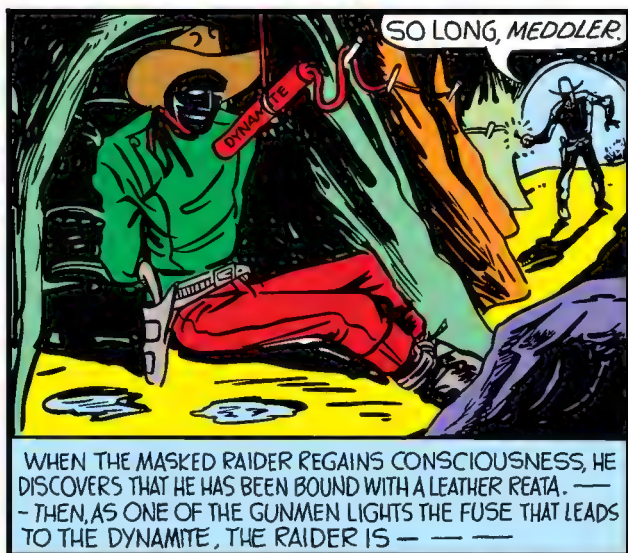


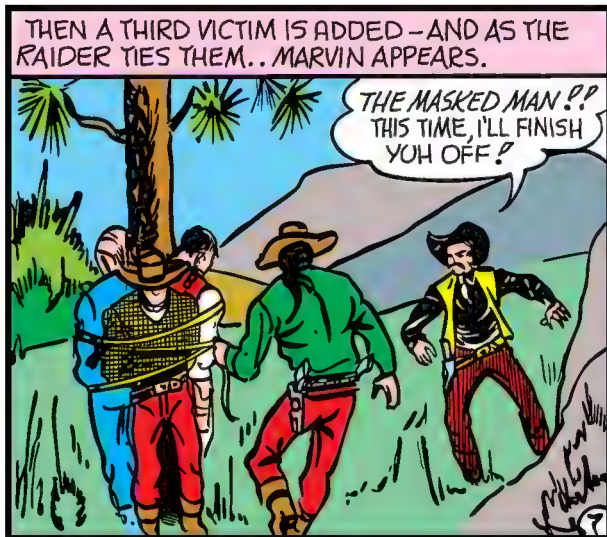
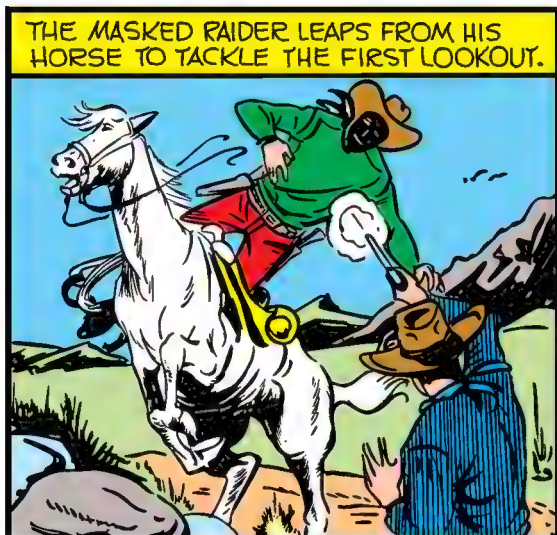
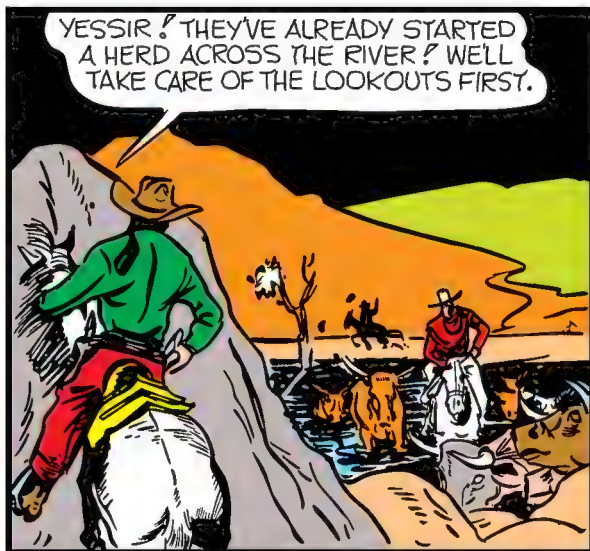












THE MASKED RAIDER TURNS THE CATTLE BACK ACROSS THE RIVER, AND RETURNS TO HIS PRISONERS. JUST THEN THE SHERIFF ARRIVES.



SO THET'S WHY YUH WOULDN'T LET WILLIAMS BUY BACK HIS SPREAD. WAL, THET JUST ABOUT FINISHES YOU IN THESE PARTS!



THE MASKED RAIDER AND THE SHERIFF HEAD FOR TOWN WITH THEIR CAPTIVES.



BACK IN TOWN THE SHERIFF AGAIN QUESTIONS WILLIAMS

NOW THEY MARVIN CAN'T HURT HIM NONE, I CAN TELL YUH. I GOT THE MONEY FROM TEDLEY. MARVIN WOULD HAVE WIPED HIM OUT, HAD HE KNOWN.

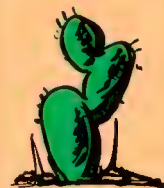


HE DIDN'T EVEN GIVE US A CHANCE TO THANK HIM.

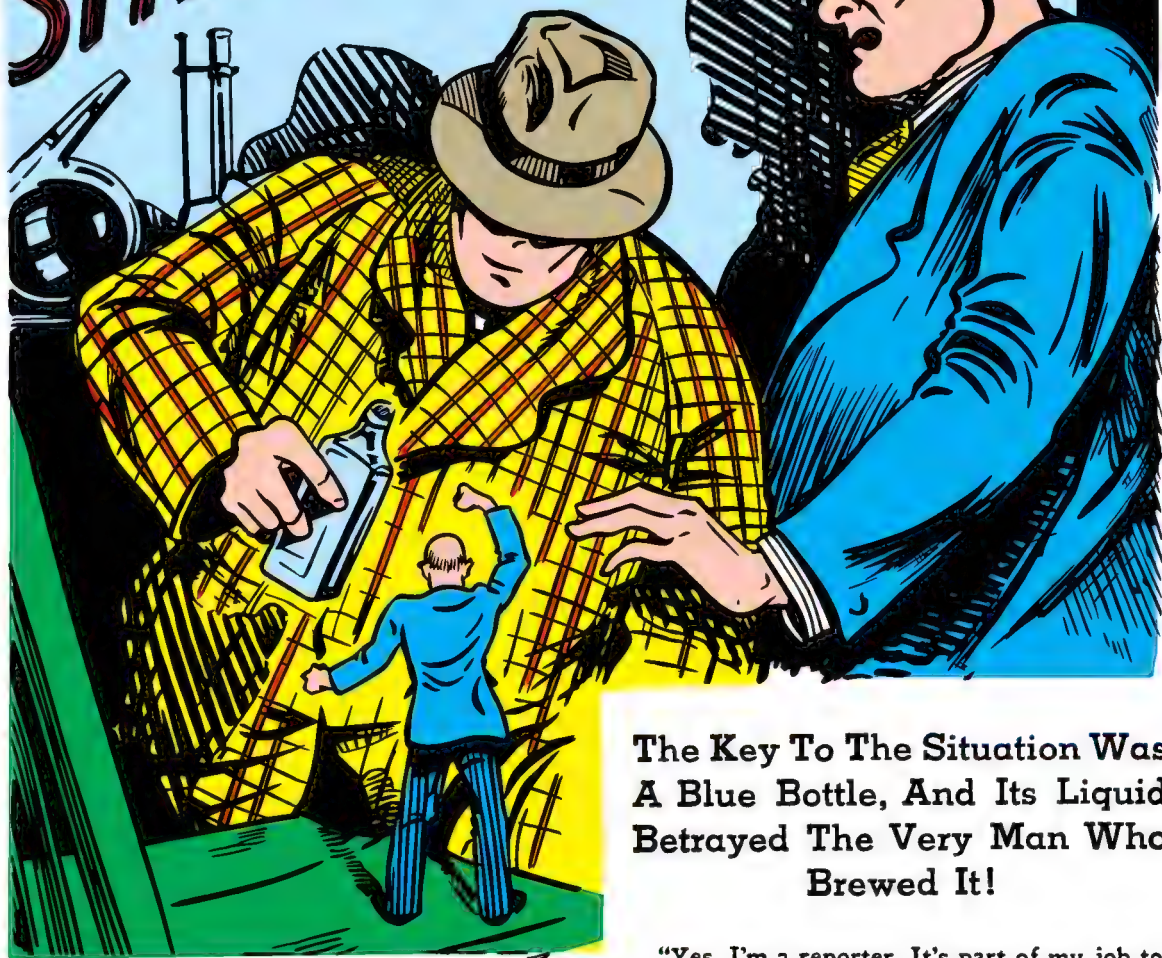


And THE MASKED RAIDER RIDES OFF INTO THE NIGHT.

WATCH FOR THE NEXT EPISODE.



THE SHRINKING SPY Thomas



A Startling Secret Service Story

By Andrew McWhiney

YOU are a reporter, isn't it true? How the devil did you get in here?" Professor Barzak raised his thin, dark, sinister face from his work-bench and glared with angry surprise at the intruder.

Randy Hayes smiled easily, but his sharp grey eyes took in every detail of the laboratory: the litter of scientific apparatus, the forest of glass tubing and retorts filled with bubbling colored fluids. Then, his gaze rested briefly on a bottle containing a deep blue liquid, at the Professor's elbow.

The Key To The Situation Was A Blue Bottle, And Its Liquid Betrayed The Very Man Who Brewed It!

"Yes, I'm a reporter. It's part of my job to get into places where I'm not wanted. Cozy little nook you have here."

The Professor jumped to his feet and motioned to someone behind Randy. He shouted: "Take him below, Rudolf!" He made a gesture as of snapping a stout stick.

Randy whirled and confronted a huge, powerfully-muscled man with a blank, impassive face. The Professor chuckled.

"He is deaf and dumb, but very strong. You will regret coming here."

"I don't think so," Randy replied calmly. "I'm delighted to get a look at this place I've been hearing so much about."

"You are bluffing," sneered the Professor, "No one knows my business."

RANDY moved with his back against the wall; at the same time the giant moved to block the door. Randy pulled a black automatic from his pocket. "Don't fool yourself, Professor," he said. "I know all about your experiments; about the potion you've discovered which will make a man shrink so small he can scoot under a door like a bug." He waved the gun at the bottle of blue fluid, and the Professor started and cursed.



Randy went on quickly: "After that, it was easy to guess why you located so near the naval aircraft factory." He pointed out the window and across the river, where sprawled a vast plant with smoking chimneys, and a flying field with silver aircraft coming and going.

"We know you're no scientist, Herr Professor, but a spy, working for your native land!" He continued crisply: "You were going to feed this potion to Rudolf, here; or perhaps you yourself would take it. Then you would creep into that factory, have a look at the closely guarded secrets of the Naval Air Service, and after memorizing plans and details, scuttle out again. A second potion would restore you to normal size. That would be the straw-colored stuff over there." The Professor's quick glance admitted it.

"It was fool-proof, wasn't it, Herr Professor?"

"It is still fool-proof!" snarled the Professor. He made a quick gesture. "Rudolf!"

RUDOLF stepped forward, but paced right past Randy and grimly approached his master. The latter's eyes grew wide with horror.

"Traitor!" he screamed "So it was you who betrayed me!"

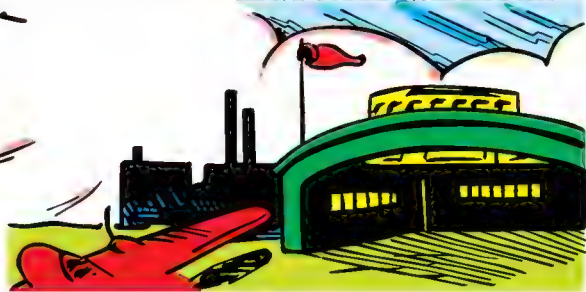
The giant laid powerful hands on him and shoved him into his chair. "Relax, Herr Doktor," he said, easily. "You're up against the U. S. Department of Justice now." He flashed a badge, and Randy came over and showed a similar one.

"I didn't lie to you, Professor," said Randy. "I report to the Federal Bureau of Investigation." He turned to the giant. "Nice work, Jack. It's in that blue bottle there."

"If you destroy it, the secret dies with me!" warned the Professor. "I am the only living man who knows the formula. Your country will never have the use of it."

"The U. S. doesn't want it," Jack Savage—alias "Rudolph", the giant—assured him. "We prefer to do our spying in a nice, clean, healthy way." He looked at the bottle. "Ugh! This place gives me the creeps! Randy, I hate to think of soiling a perfectly good prison with this fellow here."

"Just what I was thinking. This bird isn't even human." Randy picked up the bottle.



THE Professor struggled frantically, but while Jack held him rooted to the chair, Randy relentlessly forced the man's mouth open and poured a huge draught of the blue potion down his throat. Under their fascinated eyes the Professor began to shrink.

In several seconds he was the size of a cat, and continued to diminish so rapidly that Jack was forced to release his grip. Now no bigger than a common beetle, the Professor scuttled to the edge of the chair, dropped to the floor and made for the door.

Jack darted forward and raised his foot.

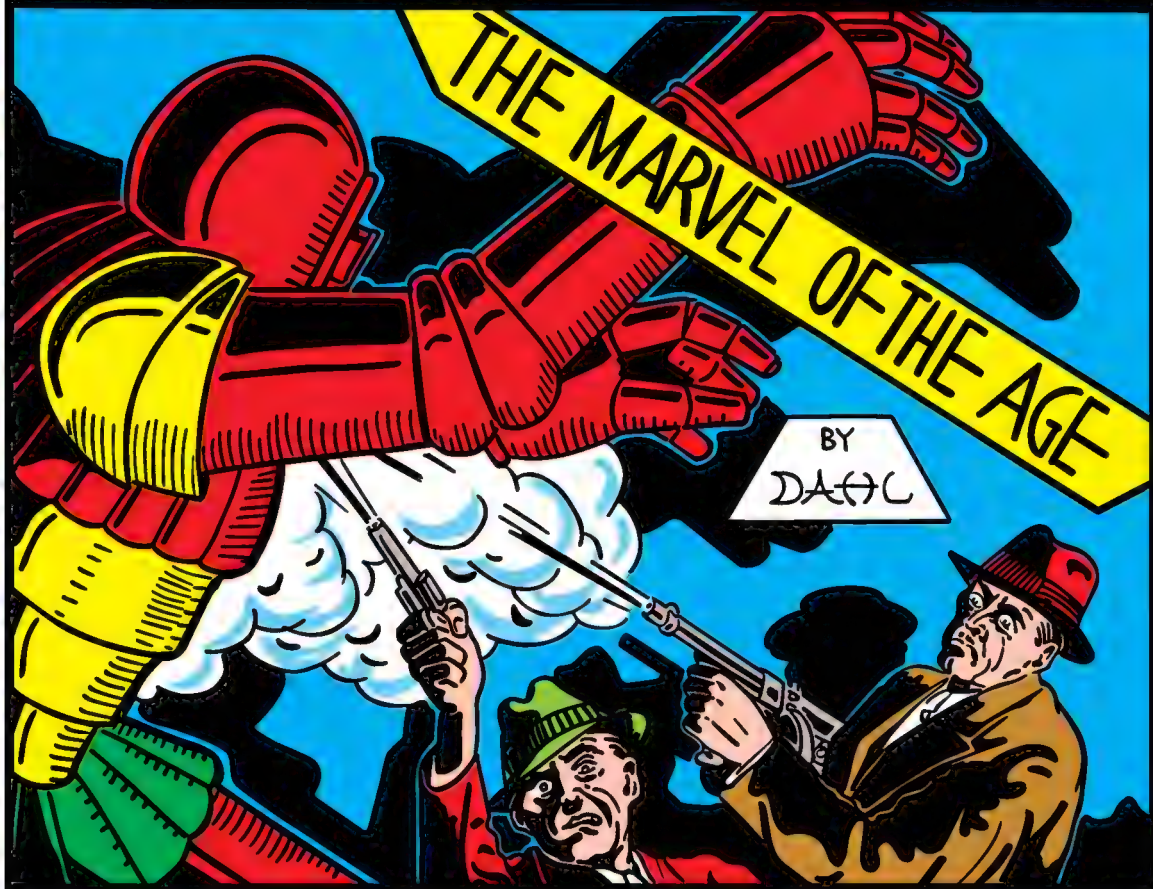
"Let him go!" cried Randy, and Jack turned back. Randy poured the blue liquid down the sink, and the straw-colored potion followed.

"He is powerless forever now," said Randy.

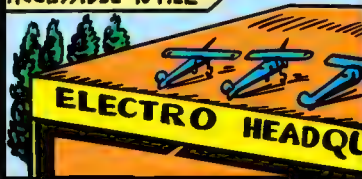
Jack nodded, then shivered. "Come on, let's get out of here."

The End

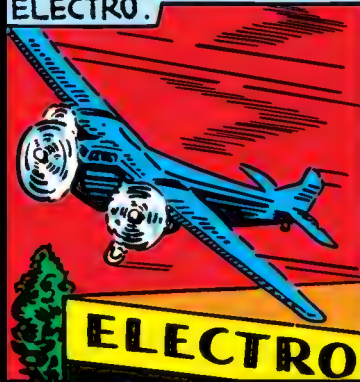
ELECTRO



PROFESSOR ZOG, MILLIONAIRE PHILANTHROPIST HAS INVENTED A MARVELOUS ROBOT OR MECHANICAL-MAN — THIS WONDER ROBOT, "ELECTRO", IS SO CONSTRUCTED AS TO BE CAPABLE OF TITANIC STRENGTH AND SPEED, NEVER BEFORE ATTAINED BY MAN OR MACHINE. PROFESSOR ZOG'S ELECTRO HEADQUARTERS, ARE LOCATED IN THE GREAT MIDWEST PLAIN COUNTRY — WHERE THE DISTANCE TO EITHER COAST IS EQUAL AND THE MIGHTY AID OF ELECTRO, EVENLY ACCESSIBLE TO ALL —



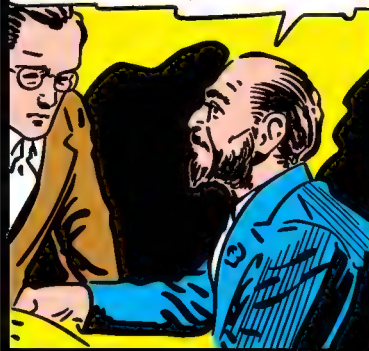
PLANES TAKE OFF REGULARLY, FOR ALL PARTS OF THE U.S., CARRYING ELECTRO OPERATORS, BENT ON INVESTIGATING CONDITIONS AND SITUATIONS OF ALL KINDS THAT MAY BE IN NEED OF THE MIGHTY AID OF ELECTRO.



IN HIS OFFICE, ZOG RECEIVES WIRES GALORE, — SOME HONESTLY SEEKING AID — SOME CARRYING THREATS, AND SOME FROM CRANKS —



HE SPEAKS TO HIS SECRETARY---
YOU KNOW, WILKINS, I'VE BEEN
RECEIVING A GREAT MANY WIRES
FROM VARIOUS STRAIGHT-THINKING
CITIZENS, ASKING THAT I DO SOMETHING
TO HELP OVERCOME THE EVIL
OF DOPE-RUNNING, IN THE COUNTRY!



I AM INDEED DISMAYED AT THE
SINISTER HOLD THIS MONSTEROUS
BUSINESS HAS ON THE NATION!



I SHALL DO ALL I CAN TO CRUSH
THIS DEVILISH RACKET! - THIS
CAN ONLY BE ACCOMPLISHED THRU
THE MIGHTY POWER OF ELECTRO!



THE COMPLETE STAFF OF ELEC-
TRO OPERATORS IS SUMMONED.



MEN, WE HAVE A HUGE TASK BE-
FORE US! THE FUTURE OF OUR
NATION DEPENDS UPON THE COM-
plete DESTRUCTION OF THE VIC-
IOUS DOPE SYNDICATES, OPERAT-
ING THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY!



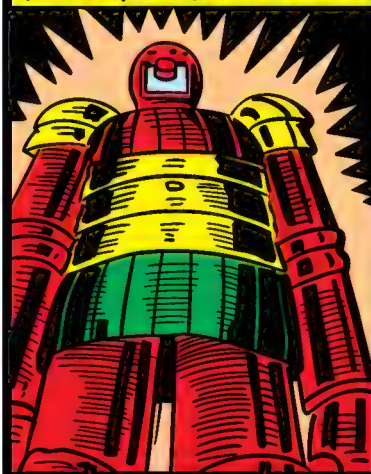
YOUR JOBS SHALL BE TO LO-
CATE THE HEADS OF THESE
RACKETS IN ALL OF OUR MAJ-
OR CITIES - THEN SUMMON
ELECTRO! - THE REST
IS COMPARATIVELY EASY!



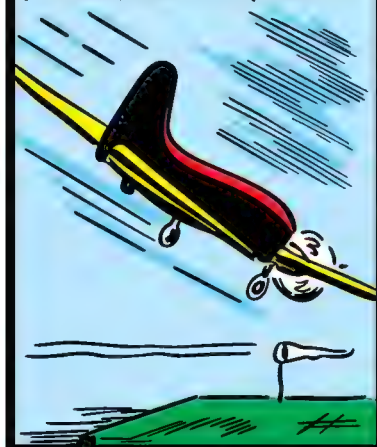
MOTORS ROAR AS PLANES TAKE
OFF. IN THE BIGGEST VENTURE
FOR LAW AND ORDER EVER
UNDERTAKEN!



MEANWHILE, IN A SPECIAL VAULT,
AWAITS ELECTRO, THE MAR-
VEL OF THE AGE!



ARRIVING AT HIS ASSIGNED CITY,
BILL DUNN, ELECTRO OPER-
ATOR NO. 7, LANDS HIS PLANE
AT SAN FRANCISCO AIR-PORT -



DUNN IMMEDIATELY GOES TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS, WHERE HE INTERVIEWS THE CHIEF OF NARCOTIC SQUAD, DETECTIVE RILEY -

WE'RE UP AGAINST A TOUGH PROPOSITION HERE, THE DOPE RACKETS HAVE BEEN FLOURISHING LATELY!



HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHO MAY BE THE RING-LEADER?



YES, - THE "BIG BOSS" IS KNOWN AS "THE VOICE" -- HE HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN, NOT EVEN BY HIS OWN HENCHMEN! - HIS PEDDLERS ARE REPORTED TO TAKE ORDERS ONLY THRU A SPECIAL-BUILT BROADCASTING APPLIANCE!



YOU MEAN HE WORKS ONLY THROUGH A LOUDSPEAKER?

EXACTLY! - HIS ORDERS ARE CONVEYED TO HIS GANGSTERS SOLELY THROUGH THIS LOUD-SPEAKER - AND WE HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO FIND IT'S LOCATION!



WITH GREAT DETERMINATION ELECTRO OPERATOR DUNN DETERMINES TO OVERTHROW THIS DOPE-LORD ---

I'LL BREAK THIS RACKET IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



WHILE PROWLING ABOUT IN CHINA TOWN, HE IS ATTRACTED TO A SUSPICIOUS LOOKING ORIENTAL --



BEADY EYES DART ABOUT AS IF AWAITING SOMEONE ANXIOUSLY! CONVULSIVE TREMORS SHAKE HIS EMACIATED FRAME -- OBVIOUSLY A DOPE-ADDICT



A TALL CHINESE PASSES BY - HAT AND COAT PARTIALLY HIDING FEATURES ---



DUNN, SEES A SMALL PACKET FURTIVELY PASSED INTO THE EAGERLY WAITING HAND!



DECIDING ON QUICK ACTION DUNN HURLS HIMSELF IN A FLYING TACKLE, AT THE PEDDLER !



QUICK - TELL ME WHERE YOU RECEIVE ORDERS AND 'JUNK' SUPPLIES, - OR I'LL BREAK YOUR ARM !



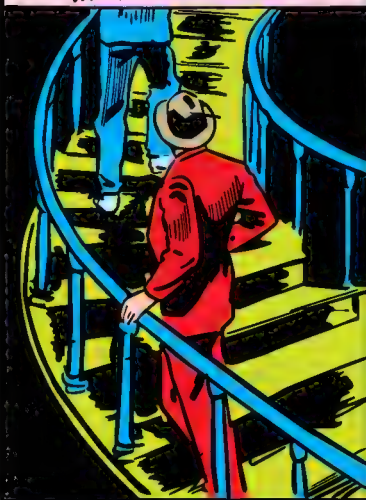
NO HURTEE ME - PLEEESE MISTA ! - ME TELL !



DUNN IS LEAD TO THE DARKEST STREET IN ALL SINISTER CHINA-TOWN --



-- AND UP A WINDING, CREAKY STAIRWAY --



- A KNIFE FLASHES BY HIS EAR !



WITH A QUICK SWING HE STUNS THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN !



HASTILY, IN THE DIM HALLWAY, DUNN CHANGES CLOTHES WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS CHINAMAN.



AFTER GIVING A SECRET PASS-WORD TO A SENTRY, THE MONGOLIAN AND HIS CAPTOR ARE ADMITTED INTO A LONG OPIUM-FILLED CHAMBER, CONTAINING BUT ONE ARTICLE ---A LOUDSPEAKER !



EDGING CLOSE TO THE LOUDSPEAKER, DUNN AWAITS WORD FROM "THE VOICE"



A SHARP COMAND FROM THE SPEAKER PIERCES THE QUIET OF THE ROOM —

ALL HANDS REPORT TO THE LINER 'ARCADIA'. — ABOUT TO DOCK AT PIER SIX — SHIPMENT OF COCAINE ABOARD — THAT'S ALL !

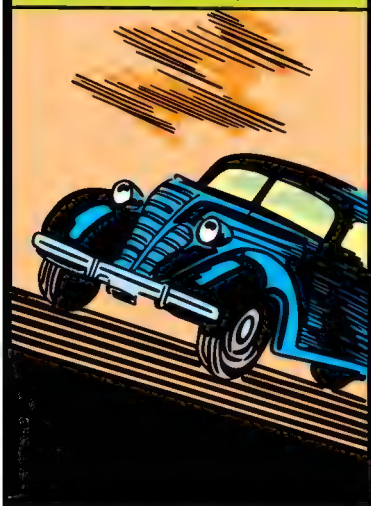


DUNN'S SHARP EARS HAVE CAUGHT THE SOUNDS OF OCEAN WAVES AND FOG-HORNS -- BEHIND THE SHARP COMMANDS OF "THE VOICE" ----

H'MM - THIS MEANS THAT "THE VOICE" HAS HIS HEADQUARTERS RIGHT ON THE WATERFRONT !



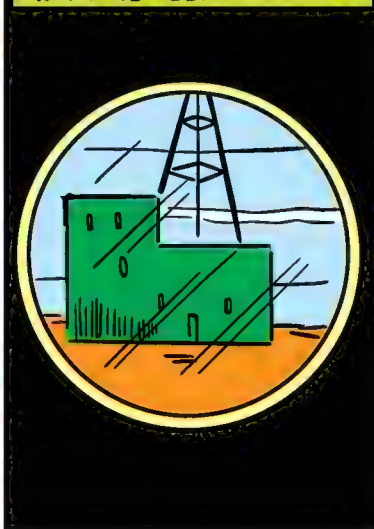
OPERATOR DUNN HAILS A TAXI AND IS SPEEDED TO THE WATERFRONT.



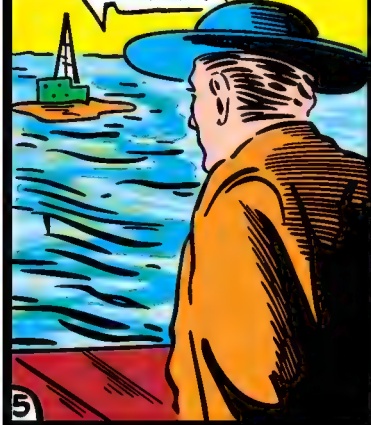
ARRIVING HE SCANS THE HORIZON THRU BINOCULARS --



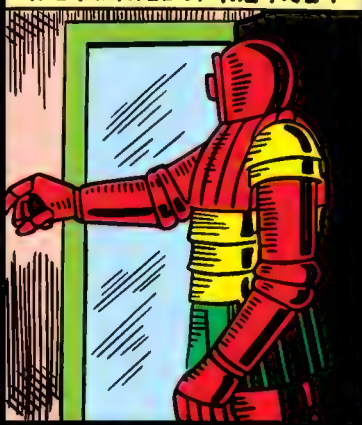
WHAT HE SEES --



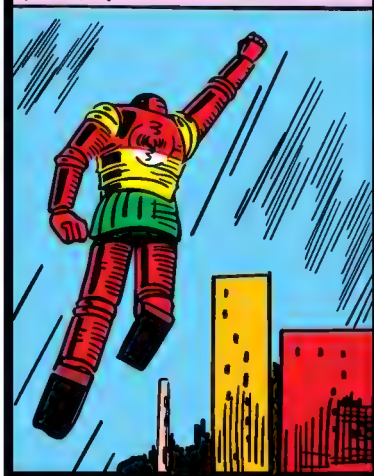
BY GEORGE, I'VE LOCATED THE HEADQUARTERS OF "THE VOICE", ALLRIGHT - BROADCASTING TOWERS AND ALL, ON THAT TINY ISLAND !



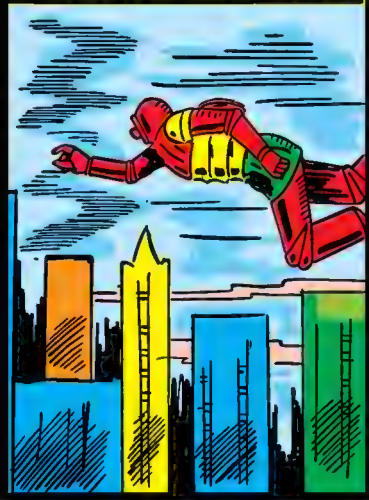
RUSHING BACK TO HIS HOTEL-ROOM, HE MANIPULATES HIS INSTRUMENTS AND BY REMOTE-CONTROL SUMMONS ELECTRO - THE MARVEL OF THE AGE !



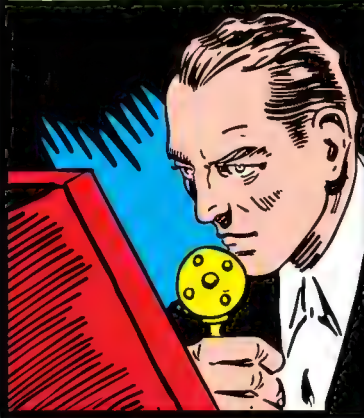
THROUGH THE SKIES WHIRLS ELECTRO - SAN FRANCISCO BOUND !



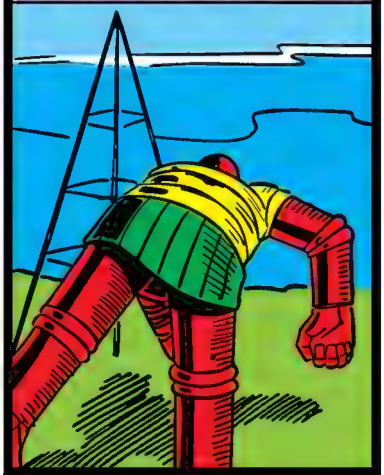
THE WONDER-ROBOT ARRIVES, SHORTLY, OVER SAN FRANCISCO !



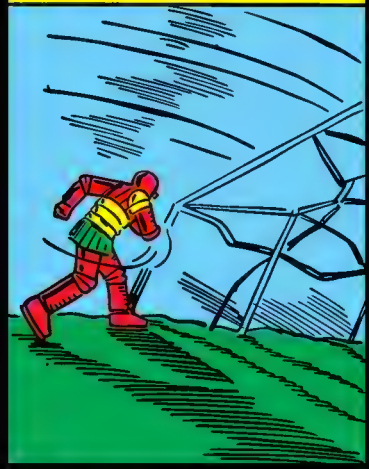
OPERATOR DUNN SEES CLEARLY, THE ROBOT'S PROGRESS ON HIS TELEVISION-SCREEN -- HE STEERS ELECTRO TO THE ISLAND HEAD-QUARTERS OF "THE VOICE" --



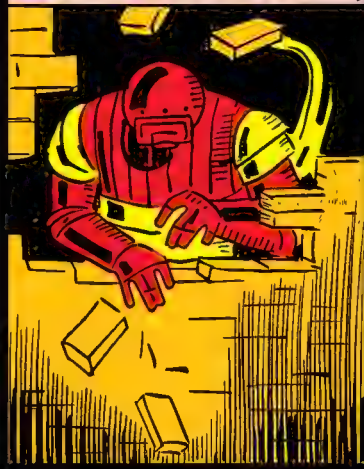
ELECTRO ALIGHTS ON THE TINY ISLAND AND ADVANCES TOWARD THE BROADCASTING TOWER --



WITH ONE GIGANTIC SWEEP HE CRASHES THE TOWER TO THE EARTH ---



NEXT ATTACKING THE BRICK BUILDING -- TEARING APART BRICK WALLS LIKE TOY BLOCKS!



- WITHIN THE BUILDING --

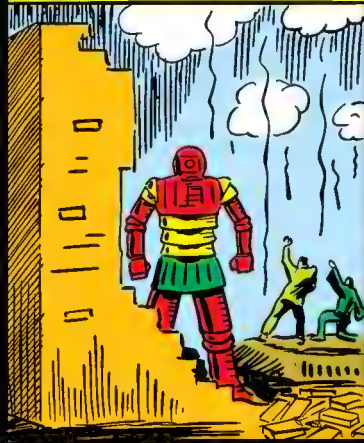
MASTER, WE ARE AT THE MERCY OF SOME TERRIBLE MONSTER ! I SHALL SOON MEET MY HON-DRABLE ANCESTORS, I FEAR !



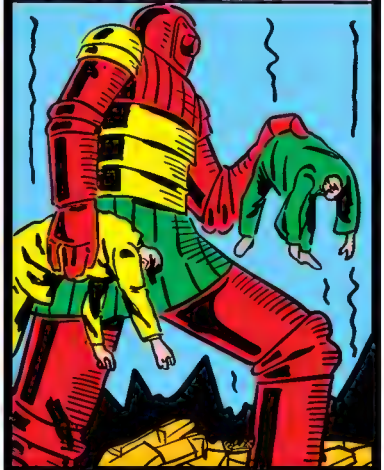
FACING IMMINENT DANGER, THE DOPE-CZAR LOSES ALL COURAGE WE MUST FLEE ! ANYWHERE - ONLY TO GET AWAY FROM THIS DEVILISH CONTRAPTION !



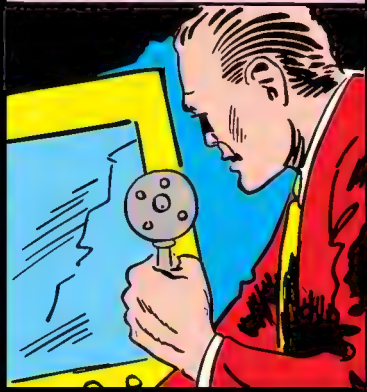
-BUT FLIGHT IS USELESS, AS ELECTRO COMPLETELY DEMOLISHES THE DOPE STRONG-HOLD !



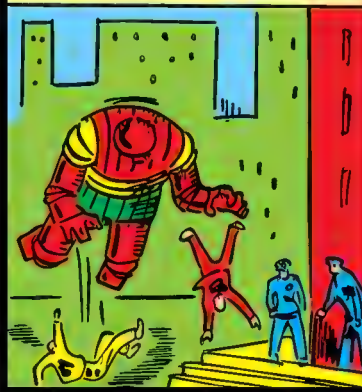
THE TWO TERROR-STRICKEN RACKETEERS ARE PICKED UP LIKE FEATHERS !



ON HIS TELEVISION-SCREEN, OPERATOR DUNN SEES EVERYTHING - AND SENDS HIS COMMANDS INTO THE MICROPHONE, WHICH CONTROLS ELECTRO'S SLIGHTEST MOTION ---



WITHOUT CEREMONY "THE VOICE" AND HIS LIEUTENANT ARE IGNOMINIOUSLY DUMPED ON THE POLICE HEADQUARTER'S STEPS, WHERE OFFICERS IMMEDIATELY TAKE CHARGE ---

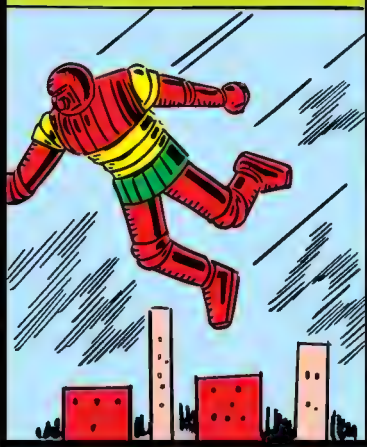


DUNN TELEPHONES DETECTIVE RILEY --

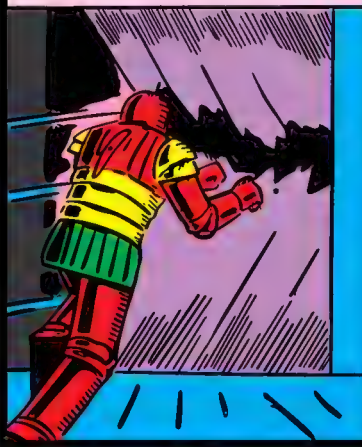
YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER RILEY - "THE VOICE" SHALL SPEAK NO MORE - THANKS TO ELECTRO!



MEANWHILE, IN OTHER CITIES, FELLOW OPERATORS HAVE LIKEWISE BEEN BUSY - ELECTRO IS SUMMONED TO CHICAGO -



ELECTRO CRASHES INTO A FAKE GARAGE USED AS A HIDEOUT FOR DISTRIBUTING NARCOTICS



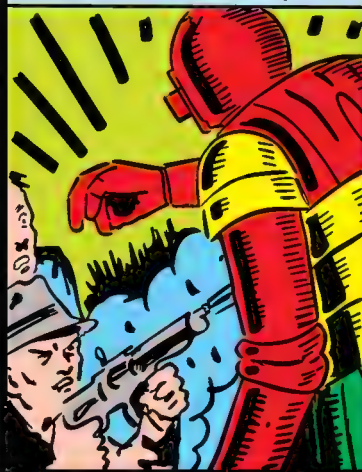
TEARING UP A TRAP-DOOR, ELECTRO REVEALS AN UNDER GROUND CACHE ---



WHAT TH' BLAZES !
LET HIM HAVE IT,
MEN !



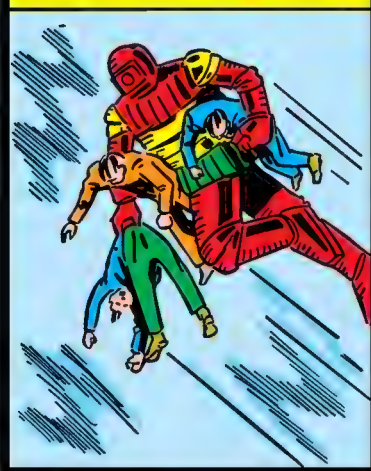
MACHINE-GUN BULLETS RAIN AGAINST ELECTRO'S INVINCIBLE FRAME !



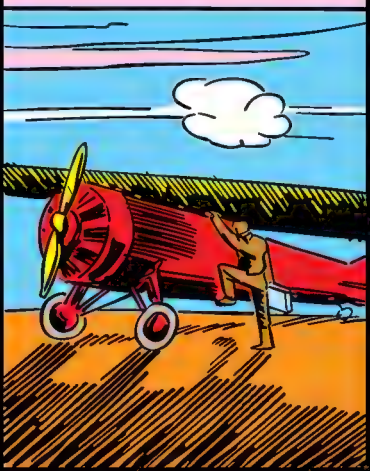
IT'S INHUMAN !
WE'RE TRAPPED !



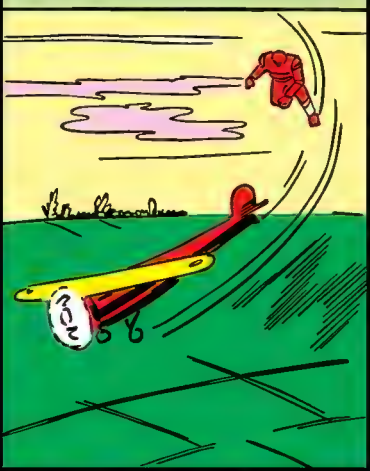
ANOTHER ARMPFUL OF DOPE-RUNNERS FIND THEIR JUST DESTINATION - A JAIL CELL !



IN PHILADELPHIA, A SMUGGLER BOARDS HIS PLANE, CARRYING A SMALL FORTUNE IN DRUGS !



THE PLANE HAS NO SOONER LEVELED OFF THAN ELECTRO APPEARS, AGAINST THE HORIZON

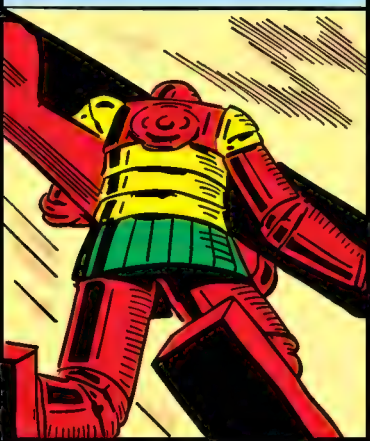


SEEING THE PURSUING SUPER-MACHINE, THE SMUGGLER PASSES HIS PLANE TO THE LIMIT ! --

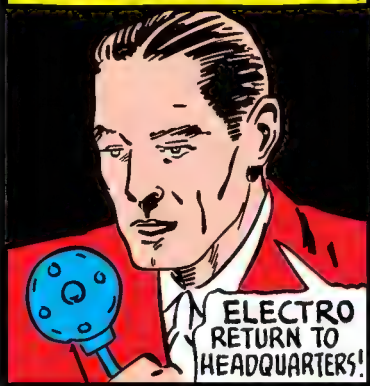


YE GODS ! 200 MILES AN HOUR, AN' HE'S STILL GAINING !

AS THOUGH IT WERE A TOY, ELECTRO TUCKS THE PLANE UNDER A MASSIVE METAL ARM AND HEADS TO THE POLICE --

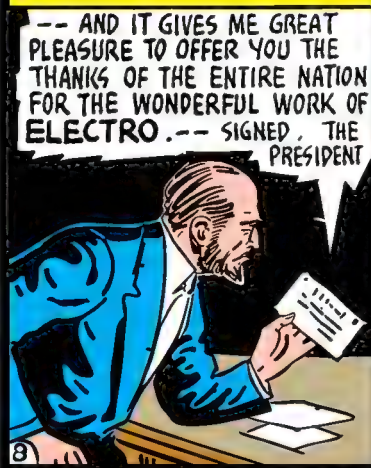


-- AND THUS, CITY AFTER CITY IS CLEANSED OF THE EVILS OF DOPE RACKETEERING -- ELECTRO IS FINALLY DIRECTED TO RETURN TO PROF. ZOG IN ELECTRO HEADQUARTERS



ELECTRO RETURN TO HEADQUARTERS!

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES SENDS A WIRE TO PROFESSOR ZOG --



-- AND IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO OFFER YOU THE THANKS OF THE ENTIRE NATION FOR THE WONDERFUL WORK OF ELECTRO. -- SIGNED, THE PRESIDENT

-- WHILE, SAFELY BACK IN HIS VAULT IS ELECTRO- THE MARVEL OF THE AGE --- AWAITING THE NEXT CALL TO ACTION!



FOLLOW THE ACTION-PACKED ADVENTURES OF **ELECTRO** THE NEW STRIP SENSATION IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS.

FERRET

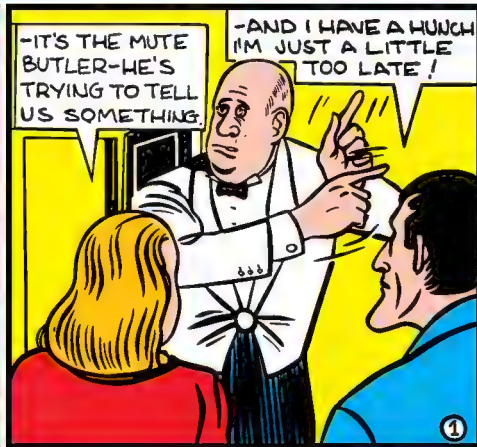
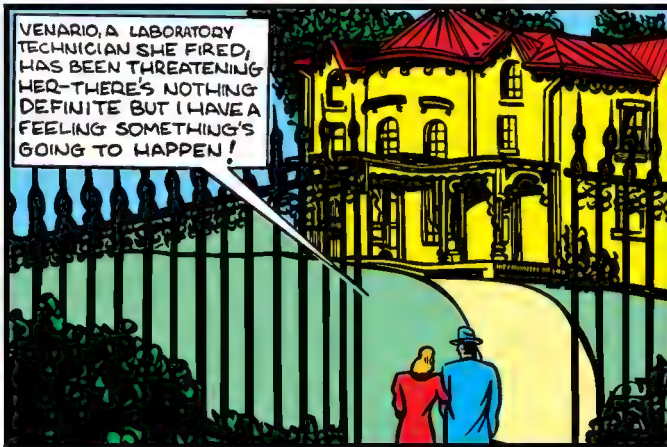
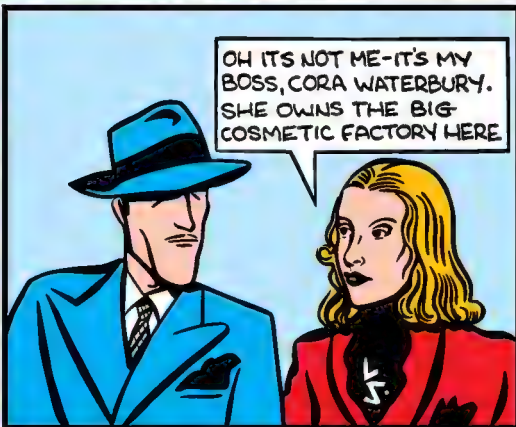
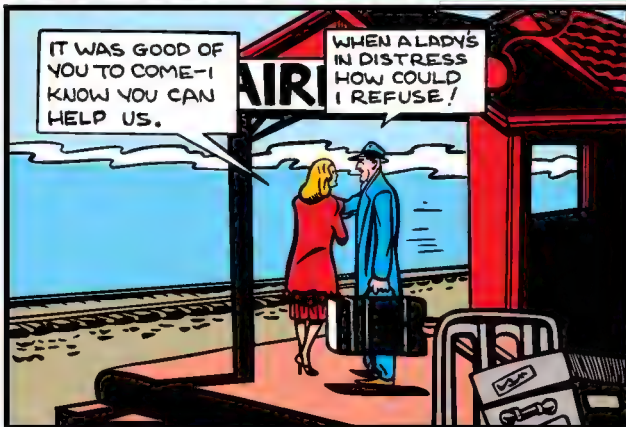
MYSTERY
DETECTIVE

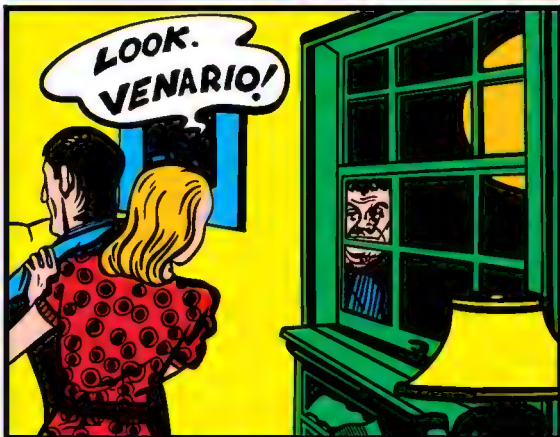
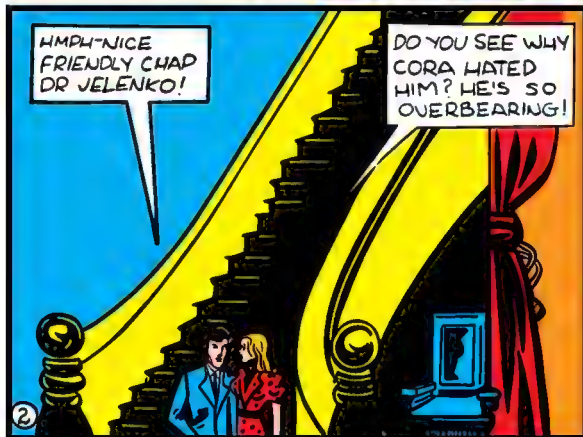
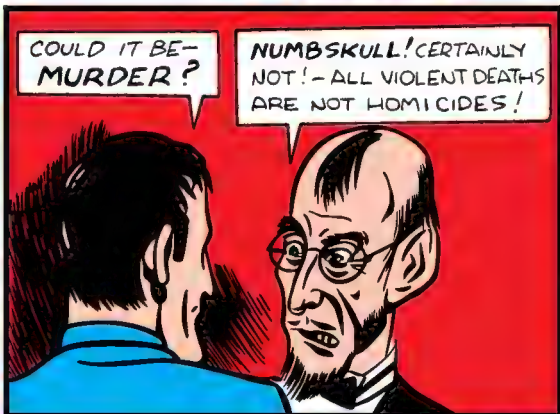
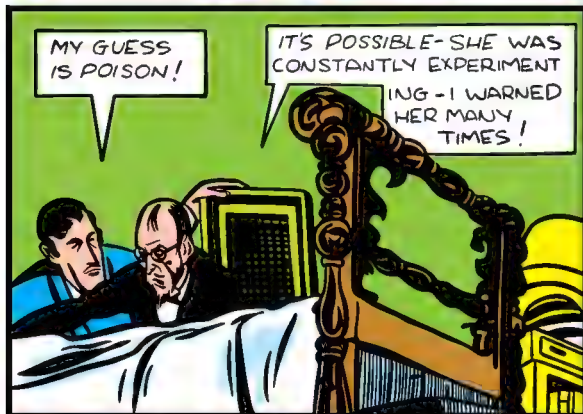
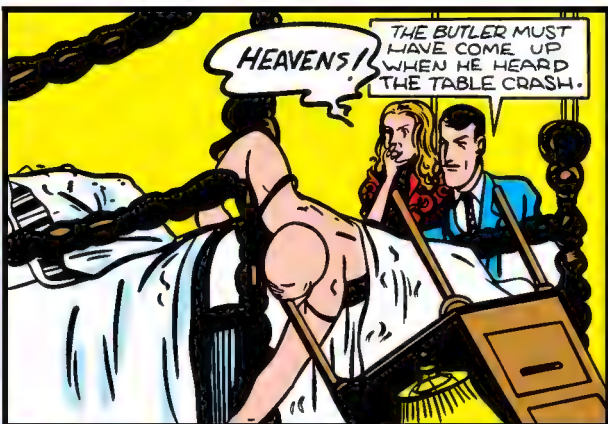
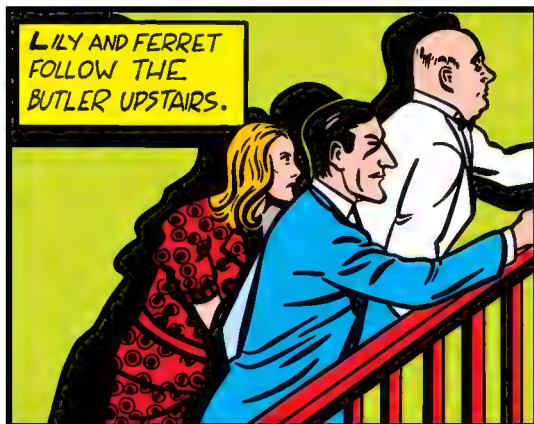
BY

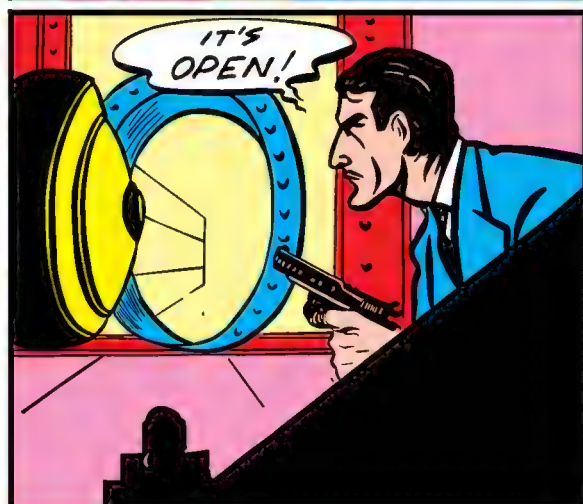
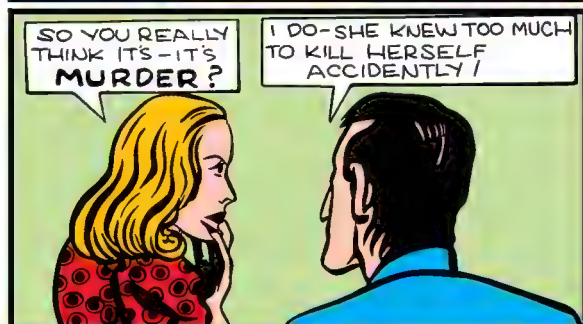
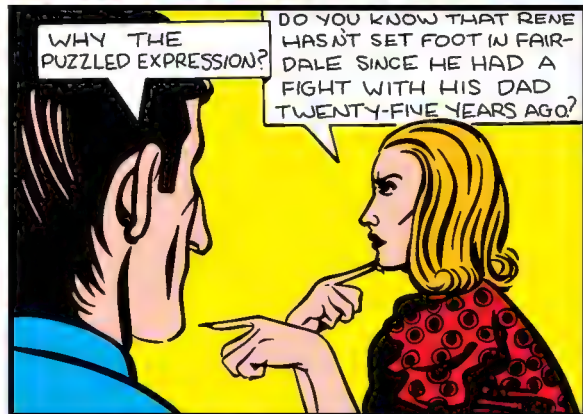
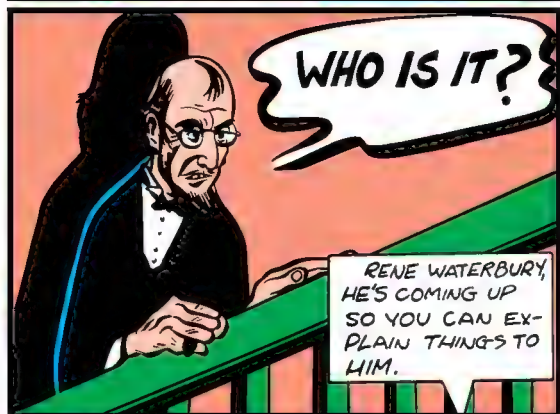
STOCKBRIDGE
WINSLOW
AND

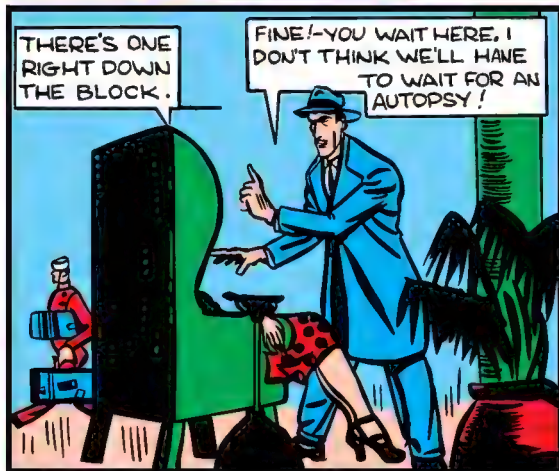
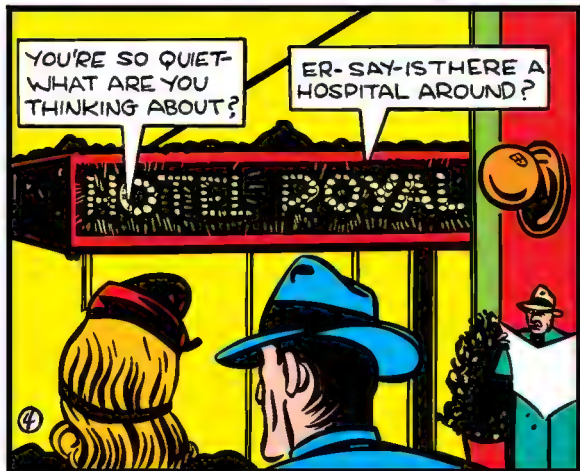
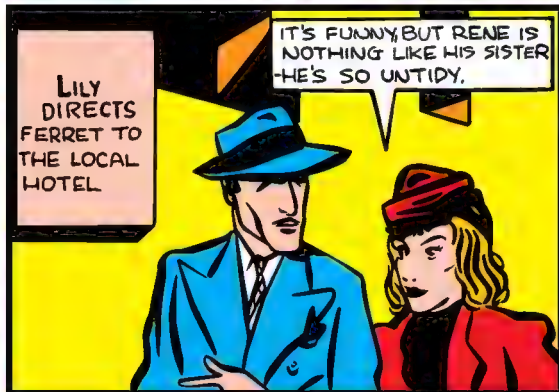
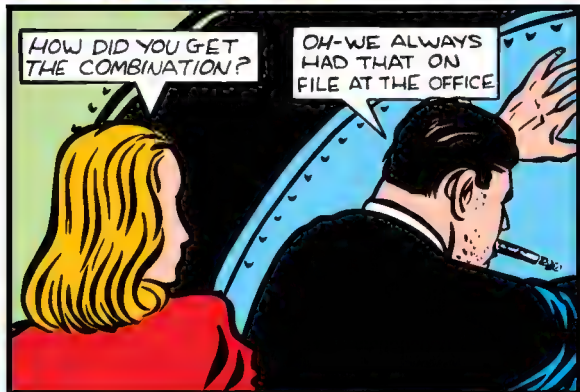
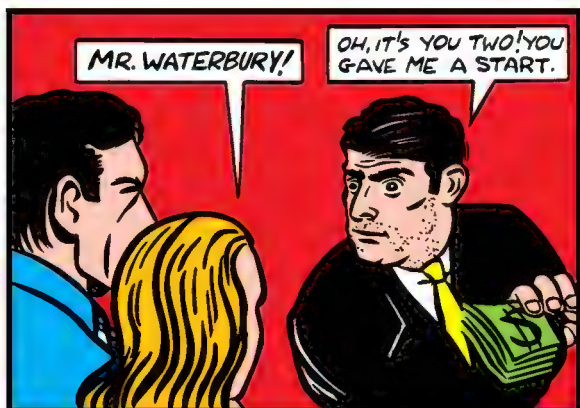
CHASE

FERRET ARRIVES IN
FAIRDALE IN ANSWER
TO AN URGENT CALL
FROM LILY SAUNDERS.



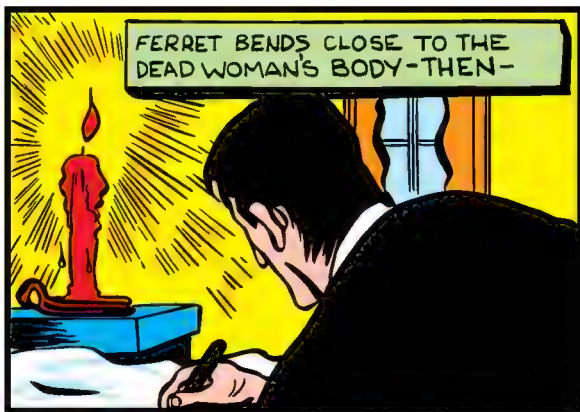








FERRET RETURNS TO THE DEAD WOMAN'S HOUSE AND SLIPS INTO HER BEDROOM.



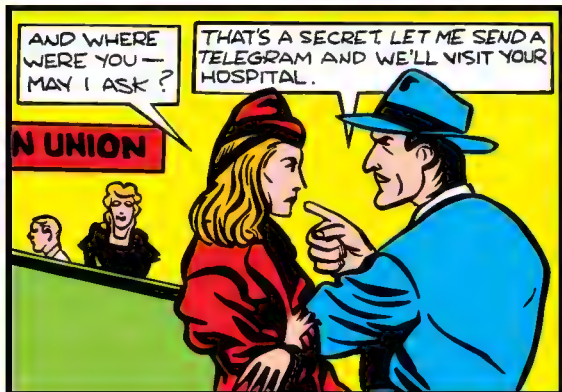
FERRET BENDS CLOSE TO THE DEAD WOMAN'S BODY-THEN-



MM-THERE'S SOMEONE DOWN THERE!



LOOKS LIKE HE GAVE ME THE SLIP!



AND WHERE WERE YOU - MAY I ASK?

THAT'S A SECRET. LET ME SEND A TELEGRAM AND WE'LL VISIT YOUR HOSPITAL.



DOCTOR, HAVE YOU A SPECTROSCOPE I CAN USE?

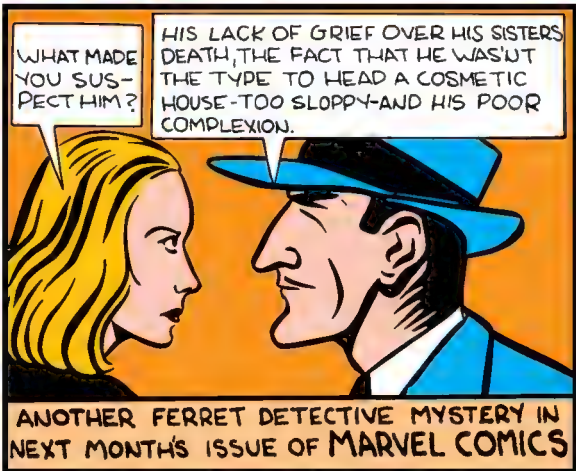
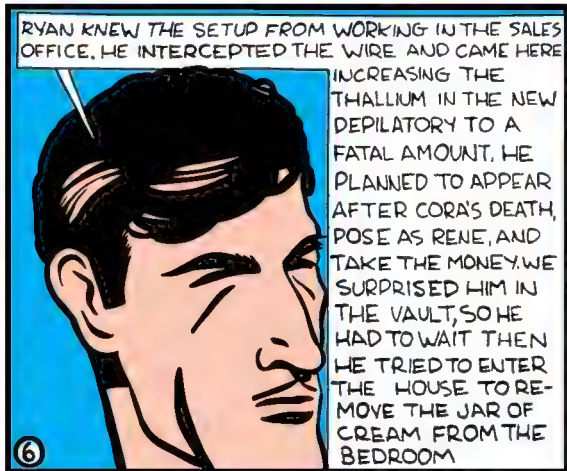
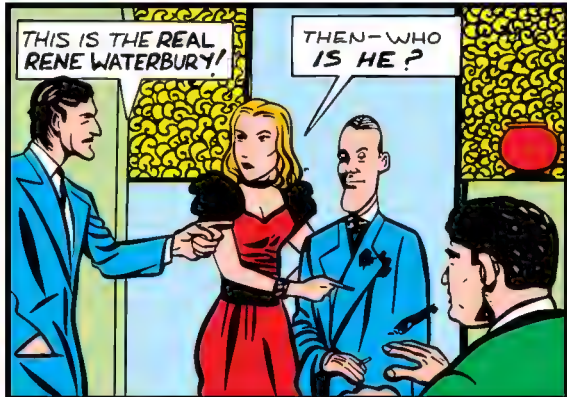
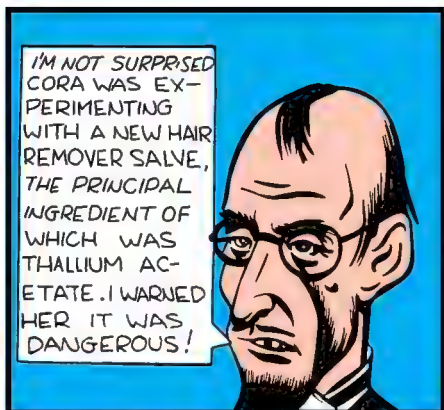
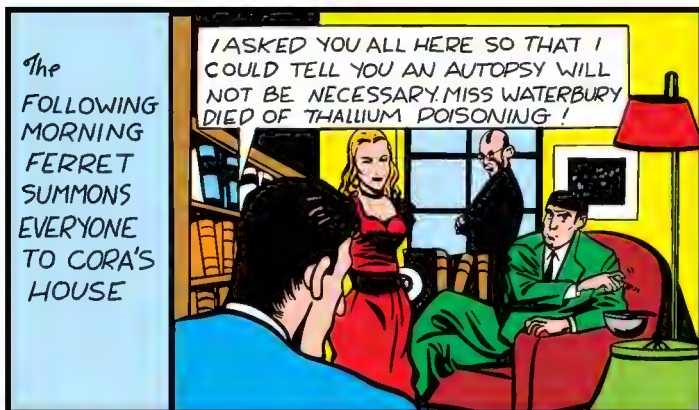
THIS IS MOST IRREGULAR BUT I SUPPOSE IT CAN BE ARRANGED.



I AM EXAMINING A PIECE OF SKIN TISSUE I TOOK FROM THE BODY-THE SPECTROSCOPE WILL REVEAL THE PRESENCE OF ANY POISON. SAY, WHAT'S THIS?

SHE WAS KILLED WITH THALLIUM-A POWERFUL POISON. IT IS SOMETIMES USED ILLEGALLY IN THE MANUFACTURE OF DEPILATORIES- YOU KNOW, SALVES TO REMOVE HAIR ON LEGS AND ARMS. THAT'S WHAT MADE ALL THE HAIR FALL OUT OF HER SCALP.



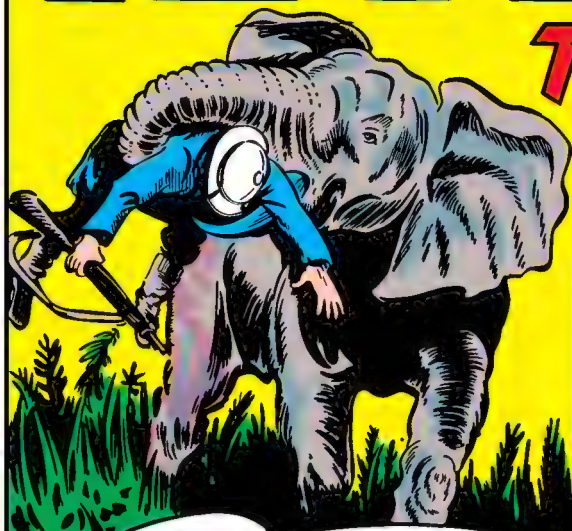


ADVENTURES OF KA-ZAR

THE GREAT

FROM THE FAMOUS
CHARACTER CREATED BY BOB BYRD.

Ben Thompson



ANOTHER OF THOSE THRILLING
KA-ZAR ADVENTURES. ...MORE
OF HIS FIGHT AGAINST THE
INVASION OF CIVILIZATION INTO
HIS JUNGLE AND THE CONFLICT
BETWEEN HIS WILD LIFE AND
THE OUTSIDE WORLD.



HE FINALLY FOUND THE MAN, LEANING
AGAINST A TREE, **EXHAUSTED!**

ONE DAY,
DEEP IN THE
HEART OF
THE CONGO
JUNGLE,
N'JAGA, THE
LEOPARD,
DETECTED THE
SCENT OF A
MAN...THE
HATED
OMAN!



THE BEAST WORMED HIS
WAY THROUGH THE BRUSH
UNTIL

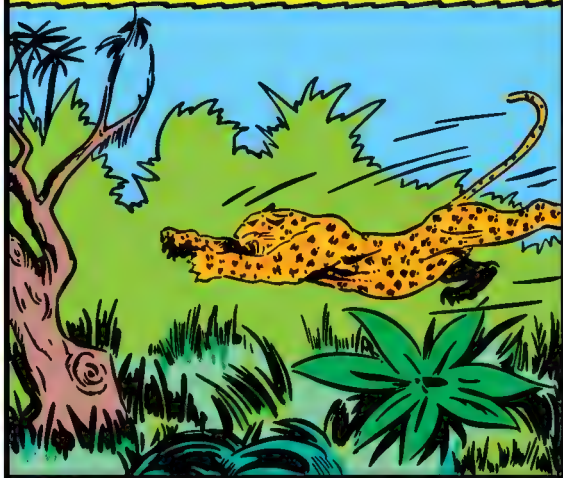
N'JAGA SUSPECTED A TRAP, FOR THE
MAN WAS WITHOUT A GUN, THE DREADED
THUNDER STICK THAT **N'JAGA** ALWAYS
ASSOCIATED WITH THE **OMAN**.



AT THAT MOMENT, THE MAN STEPPED FROM THE TREE, STUMBLED, AND FELL!



THEN, THE LEOPARD KNEW HE WAS INJURED!
N'JAGA SPRANG FORWARD....TO KILL!



SUDDENLY.... THERE CAME THE ROAR OF A LION!



KA-ZAR STOOD BETWEEN N'JAGA AND THE WHITE MAN!

TAKEN BY SURPRISE, N'JAGA FLATTENED HIMSELF AGAINST THE GROUND!



"GET OUT OF MY WAY!"
THE BEAST GROWLED!

N'JAGA PICKS HIS PREY WELL.... HE CHOOSES AN OMAN WHO IS ALREADY STRICKEN AND CANNOT FIGHT!

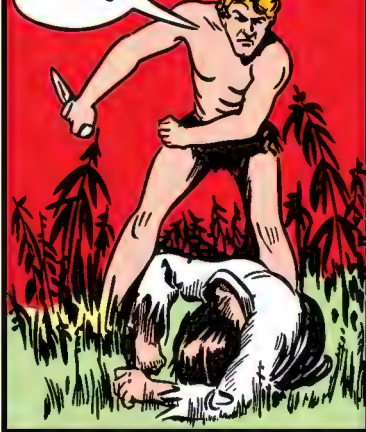


THE LEOPARD REFUSED TO BE DRIVEN AWAY BY KA-ZAR'S TAUNTS!

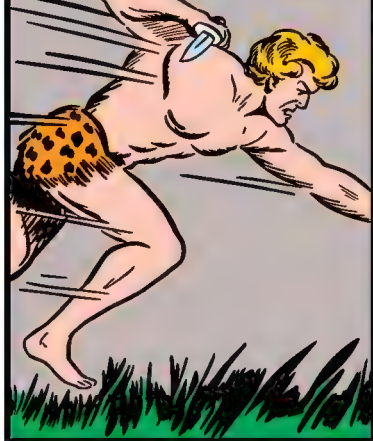
"IF KA-ZAR IS THE MIGHTY BROTHER OF ZAR, THE LION, LET HIM SAVE THE OMAN!"

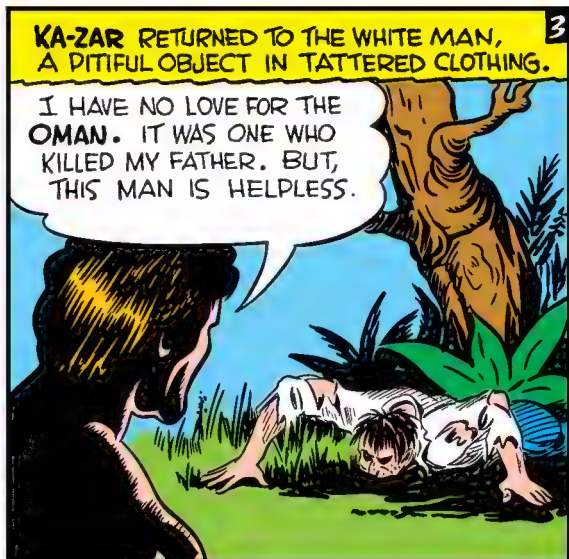
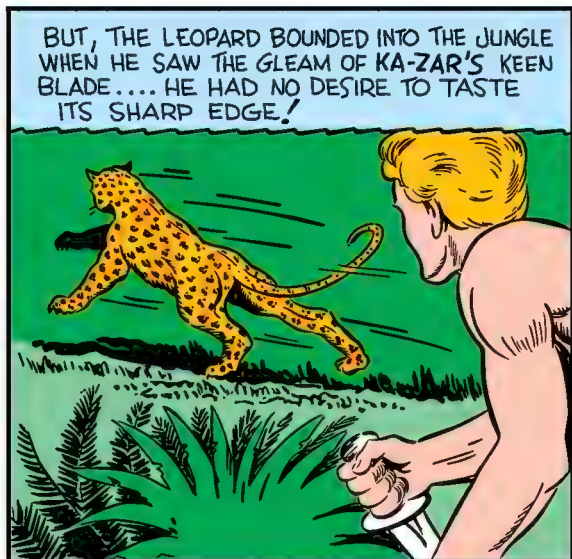


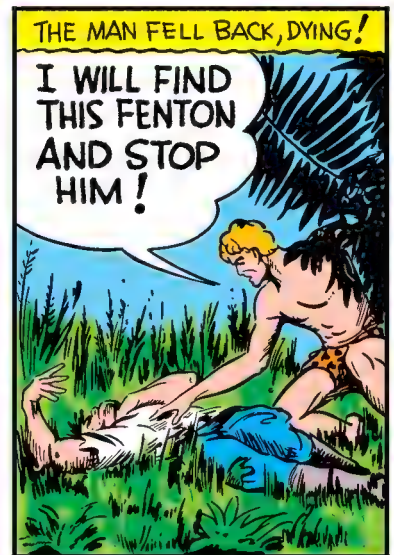
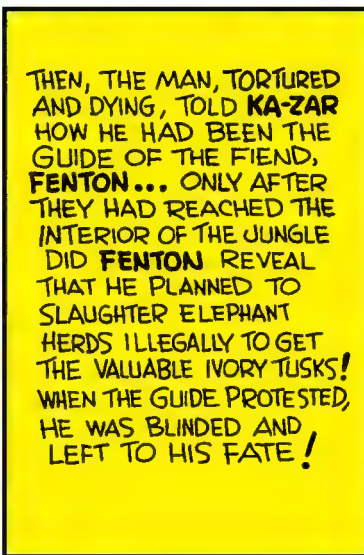
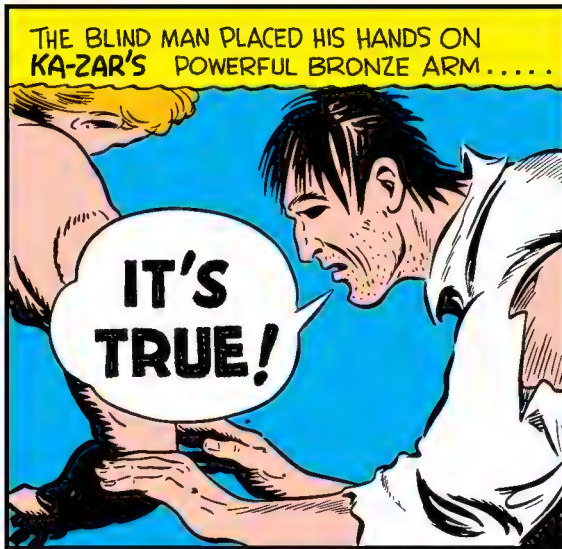
ANYONE WHO HARMS THE OMAN MUST FIGHT ME!



NOT WAITING FOR N'JAGA TO ATTACK, KA-ZAR SPRANG FORWARD!







AFTER THE MAN'S DEATH,
KA-ZAR RACES AWAY....

FENTON LEFT HIM TWO DAYS
AGO... THAT MEANS HIS
PARTY IS A TWO-DAY
MARCH AHEAD!

NEAR HIS JUNGLE HOME,
KA-ZAR ROARS A CALL
THROUGH THE WOODS!

IN A FEW MOMENTS, AN
ANSWER CAME FROM **ZAR!**

AND, FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION, **TRAJAH**
'TRUMPETS' HIS ANSWER!

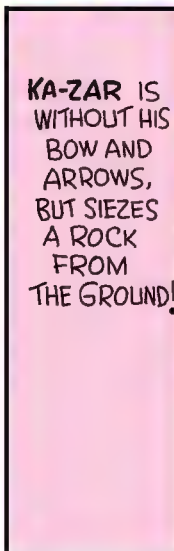
THE GREAT BEAST STARTS ON A RUN,
CRASHING THROUGH THE FOREST!

EVEN **NONO**, THE LITTLE
MONKEY, HURRIES TO HIS FRIEND!

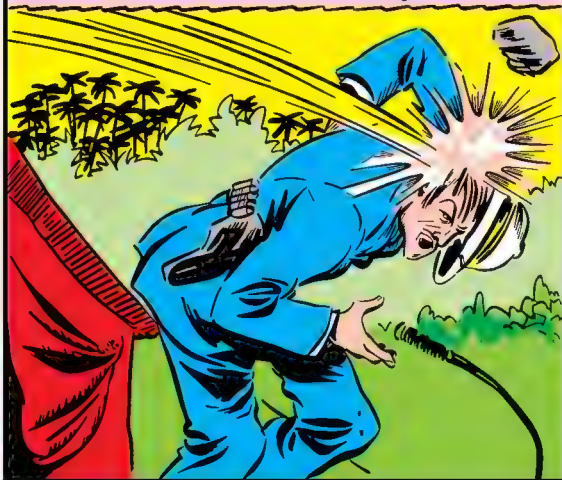
TRAJAH ARRIVED FIRST...

YOUR PEOPLE
ARE IN
DANGER!

ZAR... AN EVIL OMAN
HAS COME TO OUR
JUNGLE TO DESTROY....
WE MUST STOP
HIM!



THE ROCK STRUCK **FENTON** SQUARELY IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD!



WILD WITH RAGE, HE BELIEVED ONE OF THE BLACKS HAD THROWN IT!

TELL ME WHO HIT ME ...OR I'LL KILL YOU!



THE NATIVES CONVINCE HIM THAT AN UNKNOWN HAND THREW THE ROCK AT HIM!

ALL RIGHT!
IF SOMEONE
IN THE
JUNGLE
HIT
ME, DRIVE
HIM OUT SO
I CAN SHOOT
HIM!



BUT, THE NATIVES, HAVING HEARD OF **KA-ZAR** "THE WHITE JUNGLE GOD" FEARED HIS PRESENCE ...!

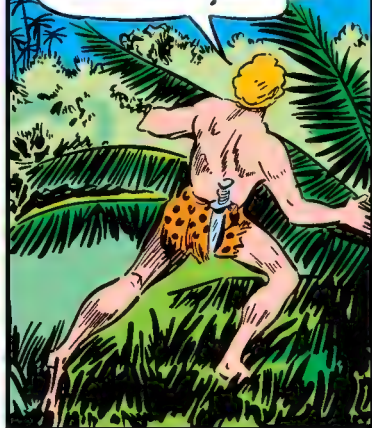
**AGWAMA... JUNGLE
GOD!**



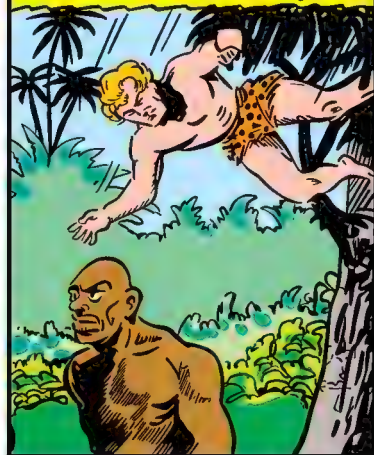
FOOLS! IT IS NO GOD, BUT A MERE MAN WHO THREW THE STONE INTO THE JUNGLE, I SAY, AND GET HIM!

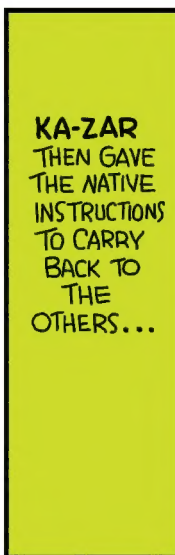
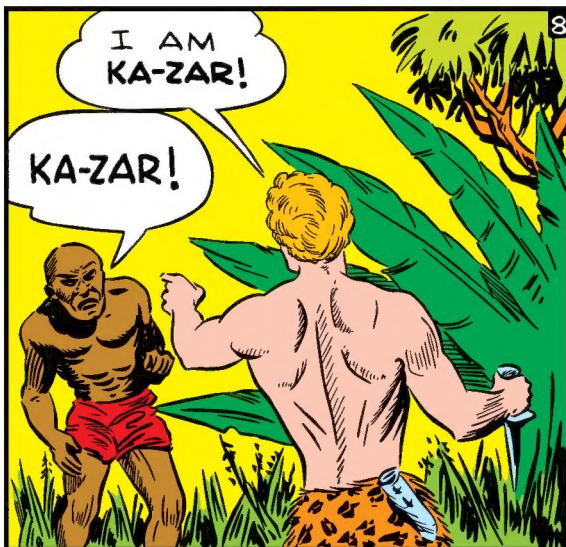


SO THEY THINK THEY CAN CATCH **KA-ZAR** IN THE JUNGLE!



KA-ZAR HIDES IN A TREE UNTIL A NATIVE, ALONE, PASSES UNDERNEATH!





THE NATIVE HURRIES TO JOIN THE OTHERS, WHO HAVE RETURNED TO CAMP.

I HAVE SEEN **KA-ZAR**, THE GREAT JUNGLE GOD. IF WE DO AS HE SAYS, WE CAN RETURN TO OUR HOME SOON!



FENTON GIVES UP THE SEARCH AND PREPARES FOR THE HUNT.....

I CAN'T BE BOTHERED NOW HUNTING FOR SOME CRAZY JUNGLE HERMIT! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM LATER, IF HE SHOWS UP AGAIN! NOW TO GET THESE BLACKS STARTED AFTER THAT ELEPHANT HERD!



WE WILL GO ON THE HUNT, BUT, REMEMBER TO DO AS **KA-ZAR** ORDERS!



THOSE NATIVES SEEM TO BE UNUSUALLY ANXIOUS FOR THE HUNT WELL, I GUESS MY WHIP TAUGHT THEM A LESSON!



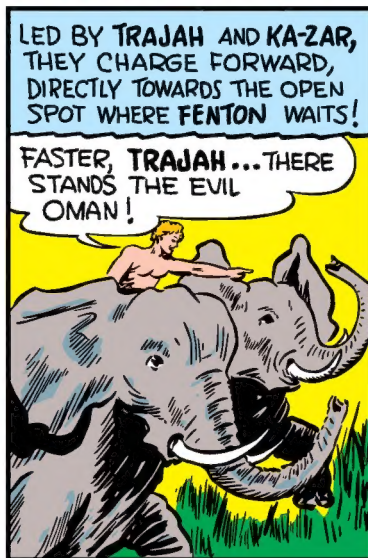
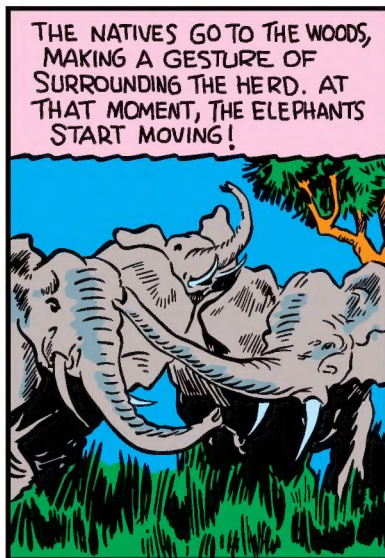
THE BLACKS WANT TO DO NO HARM. THEY LOVE THEIR JUNGLE HOME AS WE DO ... WE WILL HELP THEM TO RETURN TO THEIR HOME UNHARMED



TRAJAH ... WE WILL JOIN YOUR HERD! HURRY AND FIND THEM AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!



TRAJAH'S KEEN SENSES TOLD HIM THE BIG HERD WAS FEEDING ON AN OPEN PLAIN NOT FAR AWAY. HE WENT IN THAT DIRECTION AT ONCE



Shadowcat

